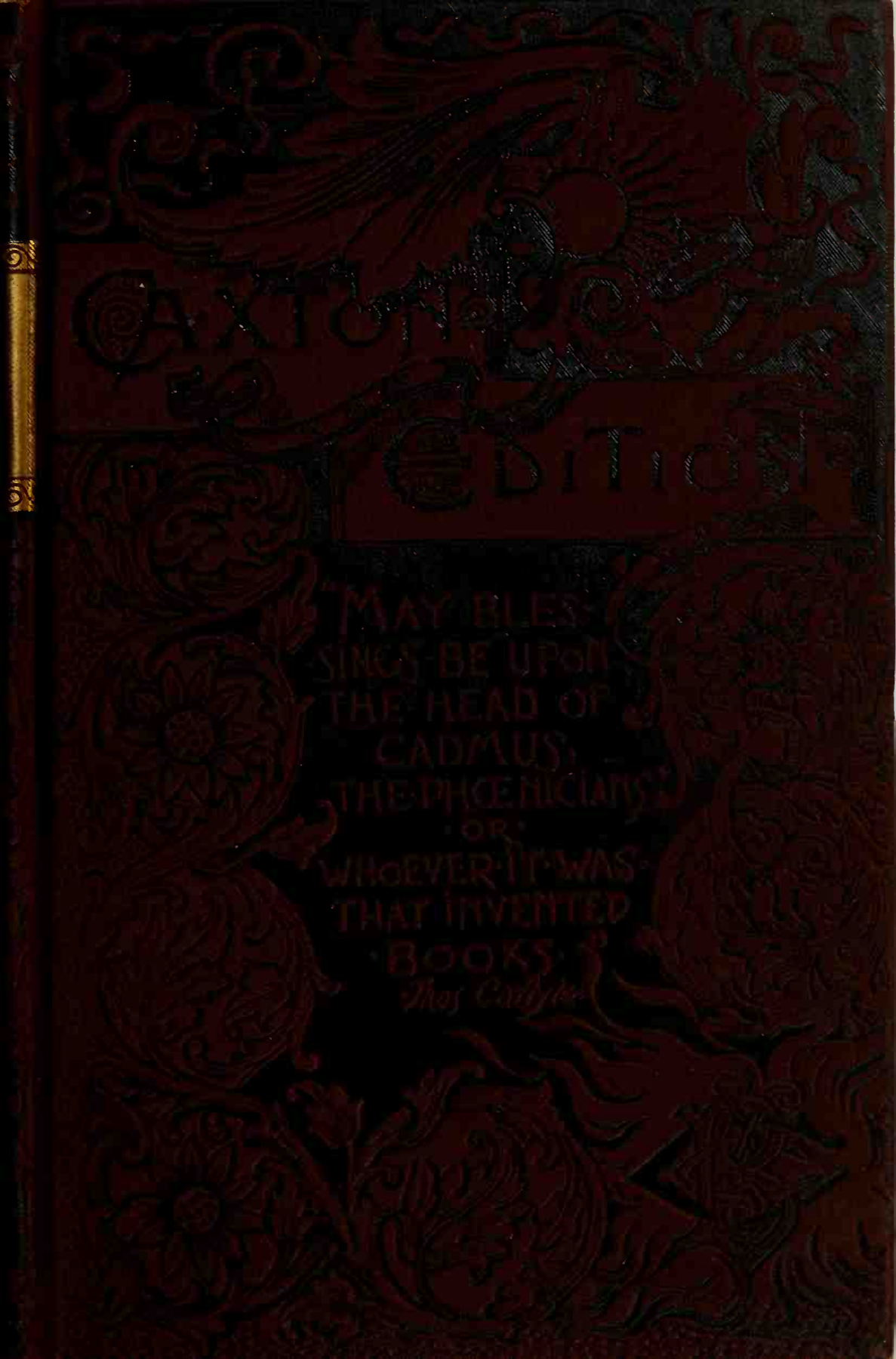
EXTEMPORE
EDITION
MAY BLESS SINGS BE UPON THE HEAD OF CADMUS THE PHŒNICIAN OR WHOEVER IT WAS THAT INVENTED BOOKS

TRUE STORIES

FROM HISTORY.

BY

HUGH DE NORMAND

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PREFACE.

IN selecting for our Stories the two periods in the Annals of France—THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1789—we have fallen upon a portion of history confessedly of remarkable and intense interest as well to the general reader as to the scholar. And although the story—of the Revolution, especially—has often been told, under various forms of narrative and biography, yet I believe it will bear repetition.

As regards that interesting historic question—the death of Louis XVII. in the Tower of the Temple, and the claims of Mr. Williams to identity with that personage, I have endeavored to state fairly, and as fully as my limits would allow, the arguments which have a bearing upon either side. This evidence of course, is circumstantial, and requires to be examined

and weighed with prudence and fairness. As a mere historical question, aside from the claims of justice and right, it is worthy of such examination. To the labors of the Rev. Mr. Hanson we are entirely indebted for the information we have on this subject, and his recent work, in which he deals with facts which go to prove the identity of Mr. Williams and the Dauphin, is replete with the highest interest.

H. DE N.

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PART I.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew

I.

Catherine and Charles.

THOUGH the throne of France has never been filled by a female, the government of that country has perhaps been as frequently, and as thoroughly, for a time, what writers on the constitutions of States call a *Gynocracy*, as that of any other kingdom in Europe. Queens, queen-mothers, and royal mistresses, have repeatedly proved too strong for the *Salic Law;* and without actually wearing on their brow "the round and top of sovereignty," have exercised, sometimes almost openly, its fullest prerogatives. At the period of which we are now about to speak—the year 1572—the actual ruler of France was the celebrated Catherine de Medicis, the widow of Henry II., and the mother of the reigning king,

Charles IX. The spirit of ambition has rarely possessed any bosom more completely than it did that of this remarkable woman. Unrestrained either by religion or humanity—despising alike the law of God and the opinion of man—she was well fitted to move forward in the pursuit of her purposes with the reckless and unshrinking audacity which their nature demanded, and to brook neither obstacle nor competition in her path. If she had one weak point of character, and was even more than the generality of her contemporaries the slave of the popular superstitions of her age, her deference to the imaginary intimations of the stars was in no degree calculated to withhold her from any really wicked course, although it might sometimes make her fly from dangers of its own creation. Indeed, in thus scaring her with merely visionary terrors, it was likely only to plunge her deeper into crime than she might otherwise have fallen. Of crimes of a certain character there is no other of the passions which is so fruitful a master as Fear. Catherine, too, if not endowed in any

surpassing degree with general talent, was an Italian not more in blood and lineage than in the subtlety and wiliness which have been supposed, in modern times, to characterize her countrymen; and young as she was, only fourteen, when she left her native land, she seems to have brought away with her from her earliest instructors no small share of that art of intrigue and skill in political stratagem, for which the minor courts of Italy had long been famous. Charles himself inherited much of the ability of his mother; but this bad woman, with the view to secure the more completely her own domination, had taken pains to surround her son, from the moment he became king (which he did when only a child of ten years of age, by the death of his elder brother, Francis II.) with every seduction most suited to corrupt and enfeeble his mind, and to pervert the bounty of nature. She did not altogether succeed in this design; for, despite of his disadvantages of training, Charles, when he reached manhood, displayed decidedly superior talents, even of a literary kind:

as may be seen from some of his compositions, both in prose and verse, which are still extant. But the influences to which he was exposed seem to have nearly stifled whatever had been originally good in his moral nature, and to have operated with all the intended effect, in giving preternatural expansion and growth to the seeds it contained of vice and weakness. This victim of a mother's heartlessness and selfish ambition manifested, as he advanced in years, a character and disposition which fitted him to be partly that mother's instrument, and partly her coadjutor. Catherine's resoluteness and stern inflexibility of purpose had degenerated in Charles into mere obstinacy and waywardness; and when *she* proceeded to her end with a cool, single-eyed, invincible determination, *he* was only headstrong, precipitate, and driven forward by the caprice of the moment, to be immediately driven back as far, perhaps, by an opposite gust of temper or inclination. But, on the other hand, making allowance for his youth and comparative inexperience—for he was as yet only

twenty-two—his capacity for perfidy and dissimulation was scarcely inferior to her own; and his indifference to the sufferings of others, in the pursuit of his own gratifications, equally hardened. Without any of his mother's nerve, or as some may call it, strength of character, in treachery, in cruelty, in selfishness, in all that constituted the mere baseness of her nature, he was the worthy son of such a parent.

Such were the hands that held the royal authority. Meanwhile, the country was kept in a state of distraction, breaking out occasionally into open warfare, by the enmity of the two great religious parties into which the people were divided. At the head of the adherents of the ancient faith were the Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, who were nearly connected with the royal family by the marriage of their niece, Mary of Scotland, with the late King, Francis II. The chiefs of highest rank among the Huguenots, or Protestants, were the two young princes of the blood, Henry, King of Navarre, and the Prince of

Condé. The main stay of the party, however, and the individual who principally directed it, both by his councils and his popular influence, was the able, brave, and virtuous Coligny, or, as he was generally called in his own day, the Admiral of Chatillon. Of the mass of the population the immense majority were Papists, but still the Protestants formed also a very numerous and powerful body; and, although the recent battles of Jarnac and Montcontour, in both which they had been beaten by the King's brother, the Duke of Anjou, had for the present somewhat broken their strength, the energy natural to a new and aggressive party was not likely to allow them to remain long depressed under the effects of their disasters. The peace concluded in August, 1570,* had put a stop, for the moment, to the active hostilities of the two parties, rather than united them, or composed their difficulties.

Affairs were in this state when the Queen-mother resolved to strike a bold and decisive blow

* Called *La paix boiteuse*—the lame peace.

for the consolidation of her authority. She had hitherto succeeded, by management, in preserving her position at the head of affairs, but the suprem acy she was enabled to maintain was far from the full and unfettered dictatorship to which her ambition aspired. Mistress of the State as she was, she had yet been obliged to share too much of her power with those under whose protection, as it were, she held it, and who, by merely withdrawing their aid and support, could, at any moment they chose, leave her in the hands of another faction just as little disposed to allow her the exercise of an unparticipated sovereignty. Tired of this imperfect and precarious sway, Catherine appears to have resolved upon the adoption of a new policy. Instead of longer employing the two hostile parties to balance each other, she now determined to avail herself of the assistance of the one to effect, once for all, the extermination and destruction of the other. In carrying this deep and daring scheme into execution, she was influenced, moreover, by her religious opinions. A

bigoted adherent of the Papacy, she was taught to believe that she would be doing God service by the destruction of the new faith. Intolerance and the spirit of persecution aided her political schemes, and she resolved to immolate the enemies of her faith to her ferocious and devouring ambition.

The occasion which Catherine determined to seize upon for the perpetration of her diabolical design, was one singularly calculated to deepen the revolting character of the tragedy about to be enacted. To crown and consummate, as it was pretended, the reconcilement of the two religions, the Court had proposed that a marriage should take place between Charles' sister, Margaret, and Henry of Navarre. There is too much reason to conclude that Catherine and her son had, from the first, suggested this union with no other object than that of drowning the day of its celebration in the blood of their unsuspecting subjects.

II.

The Huguenots at Court, and the Marriage.

EVERY expedient was now resorted to in order to make the Protestants forget their ancient jealousy of the Court, and to lull them into reliance and security. The King himself undertook the management of Coligny; and the royal hypocrite plied his chosen task with a depth of art so much beyond his years, that he soon had the Admiral as completely within his toils as he could desire. Having invited him to court, Charles received him with a degree of distinction which had scarcely ever before been accorded to a subject; and not only restored him immediately to all his ancient dignities, but took him into his intimacy, consulted him on all affairs of State, seemed on every occasion to be more swayed by his advice than by that of any of his other counsellors, and,

in short, impressed him with a conviction that he had not a more attached friend than his young sovereign.

Coligny thus deceived, it was not wonderful that the great majority of the party who looked upon him as their head, should allow themselves to be caught in the same snare. The professions of the Court seem to have been almost universally relied upon as sincere; and when invitations to the royal marriage were sent to all the most distinguished Huguenot lords and gentlemen throughout France, few thought of declining to repair to Paris from any apprehension that their lives would be in danger on an occasion which, to them especially, was one of so much triumph and promise, and which was to be graced and sanctioned by the presence, in the quality of the King's confidant and advisor, of their most experienced and most venerated chief. Some, however, still retained their doubts and fears, and deemed it most prudent to remain at their homes. One circumstance which alarmed the more

suspicious, was the sudden death of Henry's mother, the Queen of Navarre, which occurred on the 9th of June, at the house of Guillart, Bishop of Chartres, in which she had taken up her abode on coming to Paris a few weeks before to assist in the preparations for her son's nuptials.

This lady was a person of distinguished ability and strength of character; and although the excitement in which men's minds were at that time, from the expectation of coming events, may have caused her death to pass over with less observation, it was afterwards very generally believed that she had been taken off by poison, perhaps from a fear on the part of the Court that her penetration, and the opportunities she enjoyed of mixing intimately with the royal circle, might enable her to detect or conjecture the meditated treachery.

As the day on which the marriage was to take place approached, the Huguenot gentlemen, and even numbers of the humbler orders who belonged to that party, flocked to Paris from all

quarters; and by the middle of August the capital had collected within its walls nearly all the persons of consequence in France attached to the new faith. On the evening of Sunday the seventeenth, the espousals of the royal pair were celebrated in the Louvre with becoming festivities; and on the following morning the marriage ceremony was performed on an elevated platform erected before the great Cathedral of Nôtre-Dame, in the presence of a splendid company, composed both of Papists and Protestants. After the performance of the ceremony, the bride and those of the company who were of the Romish faith, advanced to the high altar to hear mass; while Henry, Admiral Coligny, and the rest of the Protestants, retired into the choir.

On leaving the church the party returned to the archbishop's palace, and there dined. In the evening, a supper and a masked ball again collected the revellers in the grand hall of the Louvre, although most of the Protestants were restrained, by the severity of their religious notions, from

attending this conclusion of the day's festivities. Coligny himself was absent under the pretext of a slight indisposition.

The next day, the nineteenth, was devoted to repose by the King and his exhausted guests; but on the evening of Wednesday, the twentieth, the hilarities of the Court were renewed by a very extraordinary entertainment given in the Hotel de Bourbon. On this occasion, a theatrical show or mask was exhibited to the company, which actually pictured out, with daring distinctness, the horrible tragedy that was so soon to follow. The chronicles of the time* describe this exhibition minutely, and from their descriptions it would seem to have been easy to conjecture what were the thoughts of the King, and his secret counsellors, in the midst of all these scenes of festive abandonment. It is true that such a rehearsal of the intended massacre was unnecessary for the execution of the design, and might even seem

* Mémoires de l'Etat de la France, sous Charles IX.

fraught with some risk of preventing its success; but the projectors of great crimes have often shown this wild propensity to sport with the chances of detection, by venturing to the very brink of a disclosure of their plans.

Even before this dark and shadowy hint of the designs of the Court, various circumstances had troubled the confidence of the Protestants. So little care had their enemies taken to conceal their hostile intentions, that rumors of some terrible blow about to be struck were general among the populace, and had, in several instances, met the ears of the devoted Huguenots. Obscure, but earnest, intimations of impending danger had even been communicated to particular individuals by their Romish friends. The uneasiness and apprehension thus created were increased to the greatest degree of alarm, when at last a body of twelve hundred soldiers made their appearance in the city, and were seen, after being marched through the streets, to take up their stations under arms, in the vicinity of the palace, the arsenal, and other

strongholds. Several Protestant lords and gentlemen, on witnessing the entry of these troops, secretly withdrew themselves from the city; and even Coligny himself was induced, on the morning of the twentieth, to seek the royal presence, and to request an explanation from his Majesty of a circumstance which had so greatly excited the fears of his friends. The Admiral was received by his sovereign with so much kindness, and such warm assurances of protection, that long before the close of their interview, whatever suspicions he had at first been inclined to entertain were completely dissipated. So far did Charles carry his dissimulation, that he declared he had ordered the troops into the city for the express purpose of placing them as guards, in the excited state of the public feeling, around the houses of the Huguenots, to protect them from designs which he suspected to be entertained against them by their old enemies, the Guises. To enable him the more securely to attain this object, he suggested that all the principal persons of the reformed religion

should be immediately collected from the different parts of the town, and lodged together in the neighborhood of the palace. Coligny, completely reassured by all this show of friendship, returned to his house, where he was soon after sought by many of his followers, anxious to consult with him on the circumstances in which they were placed. Retiring to his apartment, he left his son-in-law, Teligny,* to receive his visitors; and with such encouraging animation did this ardent young man describe to them the conversation which the Admiral had just had with his Majesty, that most of them left the house convinced of the groundlessness of their fears, and having their doubts of their sovereign's honor converted into gratitude for his provident watchfulness over their safety.

The strange allegorical pastime with which the guests of the palace had amused themselves on the

* Charles, Lord of Teligny in Rovergne, had, a few months before this, espoused Louisa de Coligny, the daughter of the Admiral. This lady afterwards married William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, the founder of the Republic of Holland.

evening of the 20th, again awakened the misgivings of some, and on the following day Coligny repaired to the Queen-mother, to inform her of the dissatisfaction which these extraordinary revels had occasioned. Catherine affected to laugh at his alarm. "Mon dieu! Admiral," she exclaimed, "give yourself no further uneasiness about these festivities of ours—leave us to make merry in our own way, and in the course of four days, on the faith of a Queen, I promise you that you and those of your religion shall have such proofs of my regard as shall satisfy your utmost desires." She kept her word!

III.

Attempted Assassination.

THE seeming frankness of the assurances of Queen Catherine appears again to have allayed all suspicion; and notwithstanding the successive warnings, as we may almost call them, which they had received of the destruction preparing for them, the devoted victims remained in tranquillity under the descending stroke of their oppressors.

But the conspirators were now about to proceed to a more daring act than anything they had yet ventured upon. It was resolved to assassinate the admiral. In the obscurity which hangs over much of the interior mechanism of these dark transactions, we are left almost to mere conjecture with regard to the motives which may have prompted the contrivers of the plot to preface their work of general slaughter, by this attack on

the life of an individual. Perhaps they had become afraid, from the repeated occasions on which Coligny had evinced some suspicion of the intentions of the Court, that he had his eye upon them too watchfully, and might yet defeat their plans unless he were instantly got rid of. Or they may have calculated that such an incident as the murder of their chief in open day was the most likely of all things to strike the whole body of the Protestants with consternation, and, by the terror and confusion into which it threw them, to prepare them the more certainly for falling a prey, when their destroyers should be let loose upon them. It may have even been expected that this act of treachery would perchance precipitate them, in the first fury of their indignation, into some course of violence or aggression, such as might afford a seeming justification for the meditated massacre. At all events, if, as it seems likely, the assassination of Coligny was the project of the heads, or most determined partners of the conspiracy, it was a stroke well-contrived, by its tendency to bring

matters to extremities, to fix their less resolute confederates, and nerve them to enter with decision upon that line of action to which they might not otherwise have been easily brought to make up their minds. There were appearances of vaccillation — whether arising from fear, or some more creditable feeling—on the part of Charles himself, before his mother and her more intimate coadjutors had found means to fix his resolution, by persuading him that matters had now come to such a pass that, if he should delay attacking the Huguenots, they would assuredly rise and destroy him, and that the question was simply whether they should perish, or himself and a vast multitude of his other subjects.

But to return to our story. Towards eleven o'clock on the morning of the 22d, which was Friday, the Admiral, after having spent some time in the Louvre with the king's brother, the Duke of Anjou, who had sent for him—was returning on foot to his hotel to dinner, when he met the King coming out of a chapel which stood opposite

to the palace. They walked together to the tennis-court of the palace, where, finding the Duke of Guise and Teligny, Charles and the former engaged in a game against the latter and another gentleman. After having stood by for a short time, Coligny took his leave, followed by about a dozen lords and gentlemen of his party, and proceeded on his way home. He had not advanced more than a hundred paces, when as he was moving leisurely along, engaged in reading a paper which some one had presented to him, he was suddenly struck by two balls from an arquebuse, one of which carried away the forefinger of his right hand, while the other wounded him more severely in his left arm. He immediately dropped the paper he held, and fell into the arms of his friends who were near him. The shot had come from the right, and looking up in that direction, the Admiral pointed out at once to those who were with him, the window from which it had been fired. The house was that of the Canon Pierre de Pille de Villemur, who had formerly been preceptor to the Duke of

Guise. It stood contiguous to the cloister of a church, into which there was an opening by a back door. The window at which the assassin had taken his station was darkened by an iron trellis. Several of Coligny's followers immediately proceeded to the house, and forced their way into it, but when they reached the apartment from which the assassin had taken aim, they found only the arquebuse remaining where he had rested it on the window. He, himself, as it afterwards appeared, had made his escape through the cloister of the church, to a horse which stood ready saddled for him on the bank of the river, and on which he was soon after seen riding from the city at full speed.*

Meanwhile Coligny had been carried home by his friends and placed in bed. The news of the attack that had been made upon his life spread rapidly over the city, and the Protestants flocked

* His name was Maurevel, or Maurevert, a creature of the Duke of Guise, in whose service this is said not to have been his first exploit of a similar character.

in crowds to his house. Among others the celebrated surgeon, Ambrose Peré, was quickly in attendance, and proceeded to dress the wounds of the old man, and to extract the ball, while a numerous circle of his friends stood around, watching the process with intense solicitude. But we must omit all further description of this scene, and return for a moment to the tennis-court, where the King was at play. That part of the street where the Admiral was when he was fired at, was so near the palace, that the report of the arquebuse, ringing through the tennis-court, startled his majesty and those who were with him, and the next minute some one running into the palace from the street, informed them what had happened. There is no good reason to suppose that Charles had been intrusted by his mother with her plan of assassinating the Admiral. She seems rather, as we have already observed, to have determined upon the perpetration of the crime principally for the purpose of steadying the wavering resolution of her son, by producing a state of circumstances in

which he should imagine it impossible for him to draw back in his design.

When Charles, therefore, was now told of the daring outrage which had been committed almost within the precincts of his palace, his instant emotion was that of furious indignation. Throwing down his racket, he rushed into the palace, declaring that he would be avenged on the bold ruffian who had thus broken the laws and insulted his authority. He had not been long in his apartment when the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé sought his presence, having just come from the house of their wounded friend. To their vehement suit for justice on the authors of the assassination he replied, with the most terrific oaths, that the Admiral's blood should be amply atoned for. His mother, and the Duke of Anjou, who were also present, deemed it prudent in the meantime, to counterfeit the same indignation, and to join in the King's assurances, that nothing should be left undone to detect the perpetrators of so heinous an atrocity

Soon after this Teligny presented himself, bringing a request to Charles from his father-in-law, that he would deign to pay him a visit at his hotel, as he had some matters to communicate to him which he was unwilling to confide to any other ear. With this petition the King promised to comply, and about two o'clock Charles set out to make his promised visit, accompanied by his mother, his brothers, and a retinue composed of several of the most distinguished members of the Court, among whom were the Marshal de Tavannes, the Count de Retz, and the Duke de Nevers, all principal confidants of Catherine, and confederated with her in her scheme for the massacre of the Protestants. When they reached the house, they were ushered into the apartment where Coligny was, surrounded by many of his friends, among whom were the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and other individuals of rank. Charles and his mother having taken their seats by his bed-side, the wounded man entered into conversation with them. In a long discourse

which he addressed to the King, he began by taking God to witness, that in all his actions he had never had any other object in view except the good of his country, and his sovereign's true honor, declaring that he was ready to render an account of his conduct to his Maker, if it should be His will now to take him to Himself. Passing from that topic, he proceeded to urge upon his Majesty the duty of doing something to check the growing ascendency of Spain, or at least of so ordering matters that the Duke of Alba should no longer be immediately informed, by means of his salaried spies, of whatever took place in the council of the King of France. But the subject to which he besought the King's attention with the greatest earnestness, was the necessity, if he wished to preserve the tranquillity of the kingdom, of his giving orders that the different edicts which had been published for the protection of the adherents of the reformed faith, and especially the articles of the recent peace, should be more strictly maintained. Charles replied in somewhat guarded

terms. He expressed his conviction of the Admiral's loyalty and patriotism, and added that it had ever been his wish to observe religiously his compact with his Protestant subjects, and that such was still his determination. He then professed to feel anxious that Coligny, in his weak state, should not agitate himself by any further exertion; and, adverting to his wound, declared, with an oath, that he would punish the crime that had been committed in such a manner that the memory of his revenge should never be forgotten. The conversation continued for a short time longer, when it was proposed by the Count de Retz that Coligny should be removed to the palace, where the Queen of Navarre would willingly give up her apartment to his use. This, however, was opposed by Mazille, the physician in attendance, who stated that a removal would be attended with danger to his patient. The royal party remained to see the wounds dressed, when Charles, taking up one of the bandages that was steeped in blood, looked at it with every appearance of reverential

concern, and then handed it to his mother. The ball which had been extracted from the Admiral's arm, was also examined by both. They then took their departure, and hurried back to the Louvre. On arriving at the palace, Charles, Catherine, the Duke of Anjou, and their chief advisers, remained for some time in secret consultation; after which the King was busily engaged in giving orders and making up despatches, with which couriers were sent off to the provinces in rapid succession.

IV.

The Massacre Begins.

ON the following day, the 23d, the municipal functionaries of the different quarters of the city were employed in going through the streets of their several districts, and taking down the names of the Protestants, professedly with the object of having as many of them as possible removed to the neighborhood of the Louvre, for their greater safety. Accordingly, a great number of the principal lords and gentlemen of the party were accommodated with lodgings immediately around the hotel of the Admiral; those who resided in the different houses giving up their apartments to these new tenants. A guard of fifty soldiers was also stationed around Coligny's hotel, for the protection, as it was pretended, of himself and friends; but some surprise and apprehension

was felt at its being put under the command of Cosseius, a well-known minion of the Queen-mother, and an old enemy of the Admiral's. Cosseius and his men seem to have repaired to their post towards night-fall; and at the same time other detachments of military were placed around the palace, along the bank of the river, and at other stations in the same neighborhood. These arrangements appear to have been determined upon at a final consultation which had been held in the earlier part of the day, in the garden of the Tuileries, by Catherine, the King, the Duke of Anjou, the Marshal de Tavannes, and the other chiefs of the conspiracy. It is said to have been on this occasion that Catharine first proposed to her son the immediate execution of the design which had been so long in preparation, urging upon him with especial earnestness the favorable circumstances in which the attempt might be made while the Admiral was confined to his bed, and the minds of his followers perplexed by anxiety on his account. Her employment of this language would give countenance

to the supposition that the assassination of Coligny had been designed to bring about the state of things which she now described, or at least to aid her in overcoming the irresolution of Charles, by enabling her to assert that such a result had followed from it.

The scheme which she proposed for the massacre was of the most sanguinary and comprehensive description, involving the destruction of the King of Navarre, and the Prince of Condé, as well as all of their followers. The arguments of another member of the confederacy, however, succeeded in determining the King to spare the two young princes, on condition of their consenting to embrace the Roman Catholic faith.

It was their own persons only, however, which it was agreed to respect. It was resolved that, although untouched themselves, they should have their full share in the terrors of the coming slaughter, by beholding it raging, in its direst fury, close around them. With this view, Charles, under pretence of a fear which he professed to en-

tertain of some attempt upon their lives about to be made by the Guises, invited them to assemble the principal gentlemen of their suites for that night at the Louvre, and to have them lodged around their own apartments. This seemingly friendly counsel was accepted and acted upon; and by ten o'clock the two princes had retired to their respective chambers, while the most faithful of their attendants occupied the adjoining rooms, unarmed, and secure, as they imagined, from all violence, under the pledged honor, and in the fortified and guarded residence, of their sovereign.

After the military had been disposed in the manner that has been already described, the Duke of Guise assembled the principal officers of the different corps, and stated to them, in a short address, the nature of the service in which they were about to be engaged. At the same time, Charron, the Provost of the Merchants, in conformity with the instructions he had received, having collected the captains and lieutenants of the city night-

guard in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, prepared them in like manner for taking their part in the massacre. The signal, it was intimated, for the commencement of the bloody work, would be given towards the break of day, from the clock of the Palais de Justice—immediately on hearing which they would break into the houses where the Protestants were lodged in all the different parts of the city, and proceed to slaughter the inmates, without regard to age or sex. The doors of these devoted dwellings had already been marked with white crosses. The assassins, also, that they might know each other when they met, were commanded to wrap each a white scarf around his left arm, and to place a cross of the same color in his hat. These badges, after the massacre had begun, seem to have been generally adopted by the Romish population, both as a means of mutual recognition, and as tokens of the right of those who bore them to walk unharmed amidst the bloody storm that raged through the inhospitable and treacherous city.

Such, then, was the state of things at the Louvre, and in the neighborhood of that royal castle, in the earlier part of the night of the 23d of August, 1572. Most of the persons of note among the Huguenots, to the number of several hundred, were lodged in the streets near the palace. The Admiral of Chatillon lay ill of his wound in his hotel, where his son-in-law, Teligny, and several others of his more intimate friends, also resided. The King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were asleep in their apartments in the Louvre, with the principal gentlemen attached to their persons assembled around them, under cover of the same roof. Many Protestants who had not found accommodation in this quarter, were dispersed over the other parts of the city; and in the Faubourg St. Germain especially, on the other side of the river, the persons of rank of that party were collected together in considerable numbers. With few exceptions, all these individuals, though well aware that they dwelt in the midst of a hostile population, believed that they were in the

meantime secure under the protection of their king; and, trusting to the arrangements which he had made professedly for their safety, had retired to take their repose, unarmed, and fearing no evil. On the other hand, among their enemies all was active preparation for the great blow that was about to be struck. Already had the armed bands, who were to commence the massacre, received their instructions and been drawn up around the dwellings of their unsuspecting victims. Parties of the king's troops and of the city guard were planted at the Louvre, in front of the residence of Coligny, and at different stations in the streets, and along the bank of the river, as far east as the arsenal, all under the command of minions of Guise or of the Court. Throughout the town the houses tenanted by Protestants were all marked by white crosses on the doors.

Meanwhile the different chiefs of the conspiracy were busily employed, some in riding from post to post, to see that the arrangements for the attack were complete, or to convey new orders from the

Louvre ;—others assisting at the consultations which continued to be held by Catherine, Charles, and their associates, within that central seat of the bloody design, in which the preparations for it had been contrived and thus far brought to maturity, and where the match was now about to be applied to that well-laid train, in the explosion of which so many thousands of helpless and innocent human beings were miserably to perish.

As the night advanced, however, the tranquillity to which the Protestants had resigned themselves, gave place, among some of them, to considerable perplexity and alarm. The different movements which were going on in the neighborhood of the palace—the frequent opening and shutting of the gates, as couriers departed to, or arrived from, the several parts of the city with which it was neces sary to be in communication—the introduction of quantities of arms into that stronghold—the constant passing of horsemen and pedestrians bearing torches along the streets—and all the increasing bustle unavoidably attendant upon the eve of sc

terrible an enterprise, had awakened from their sleep many of those who were lodged in the quarter principally disturbed by these noises. Rising from their beds they left their houses and proceeded to the Louvre, in order, if possible, to ascertain the meaning of such unusual commotion. On addressing their inquiries to the soldiers whom they found stationed around the palace, they were informed that the whole was occasioned merely by the preparations for a nocturnal *fête* which the Court was about to give. This answer was ambiguous rather than literally false.

Meanwhile it would appear that Catherine had not yet succeeded in working up the froward and irresolute temper of her son to the pitch of daring at which he would venture actually to give orders for commencing the massacre. It seems to have been originally intended that the signal for the murderers to fall upon their prey should sound from the city, immediately before daybreak, or about half-past two in the morning. But the undecided state of the King's mind determined

Catherine to take advantage of a moment of excitement in which he had been prevailed upon to express his consent that they should proceed with the business, and to order the tocsin to be rung immediately from the steeple of the adjacent Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. This was about midnight.

As the bell flung its sounds of omen over the city and its suburbs, the people everywhere started from their slumbers. The windows of the Louvre, the Tuileries, and of many other public buildings and private residences, were lighted up with all haste. The tenants of other houses, following these examples, the town was speedily illuminated in every part. Some time further, however, seems to have been spent in preparation on one side, and perplexity, terror, and confusion on the other, before the slaughter was begun. The agents commissioned to execute the plot were now all in motion. The order for striking the blow had gone forth and could not be recalled. Catherine's purpose was attained, now that she

had contrived to have the King committed to the terrible work. At half-past two, just as the dawn began to appear, the massacre began. The infuriated soldiery, the abandoned bigot of the Papacy, the man who had his private malice to seek revenge, all mingled in that awful hour, in the work of death.

V.

The Murder of Coligny.

COSSEINS, as already mentioned, commanded the guard stationed in front of the Admiral's house. Seeing the Duke of Guise approaching at the head of a body of armed men, he immediately proceeded to make the dispositions already concerted between them. He first placed five or six soldiers opposite to each window of the house, that they might be ready to fire upon any one who should attempt to make his escape. He then knocked with violence at the gate of the court. This brought down the person who kept the keys, and who, on being informed that admission was desired to the Admiral by a messenger from the King, immediately opened the gate. Cosseins instantly fell upon the man, and despatched him by repeated strokes of his dagger. He then, fol-

lowed by his men, forced his way into the Court The attendants, in their alarm and consternation, after a brief and ineffectual resistance, took refuge within the house, the door of which they shut. By this time all the inmates were aroused; and means were forthwith taken to barricade the door. by bringing down the heaviest articles of furniture and placing them behind it. But these impediments did not long withstand the fury of the assailants. Having forced their way into the house, they rushed up the stairs to the rooms where the Admiral and his friends were. Coligny himself had already risen from the bed, and, seeing that all chance of defence was gone, had desired his friends to leave him, and to hasten, if it were yet possible, to secure their own safety by flight. On this all who were in the apartment withdrew except a servant named Nicholas Muss; and ascending to the upper part of the house, they got out by a window on the roof. Very few of them, however, effected their escape. The greater number were slain in the adjacent

house, through which they endeavored to gain the street.

Meanwhile Cosseins, accompanied by a German of the name of Bême, one of the servants of the Duke of Guise, and several other persons, suddenly rushed, with their drawn swords in their hands, into the room where Coligny was. The old man looked on them with an unmoved countenance.

"Are you not the Admiral?"—cried Bême, extending his sword towards him.

"I am," he replied calmly; and then fixing his eye upon the naked blade with which he was menaced, he added, "Young man, you ought to have respected my age and my infirmity; but you will only shorten my life by a few days or hours. Yet I could have wished"—he continued, after a momentary pause, with the feelings natural to a soldier—"I could have wished that I were to perish by the hand of a man, and not of this menial."

Bême then, uttering an oath, first thrust his

sword into his breast, and afterwards struck him with it repeatedly on the head. At the same time the rest assailed him with like ferocity, till he fell down dead upon the floor. The voice of the Duke of Guise was now heard from below, inquiring if the deed were done? On being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to throw the dead body from the window, that he might see with his own eyes whether or not it was really the Admiral they had slain. At first, when he looked on the hacked and blood-besmeared carcass, he could scarcely recognize it. But having bent down over it, and with his own hand wiped the face with a cloth, he exclaimed, "Yes, I know it; it is he himself." He then spurned it with his foot, and calling to his men, led them out of the court.

As soon as the soldiers of the Duke had left the Admiral's hotel, a party of the populace, hearing the tocsin ringing from the bell of the Palais de Justice, rushed into the street, and were soon collected in a tumultuous throng around and within

the court and mansion which had just been the scene of such sanguinary atrocities. Having found, among the slain, the mangled body of Coligny, they gathered round it with eager curiosity, and vied with each other in heaping mockery and outrage on the senseless clay. Not satisfied with the disfigurement already inflicted upon it by those who had deprived it of life, they proceeded to hack and mutilate it till the gory mass scarcely retained a trace of humanity. One man cut off the head, and bearing it away with him, presented it to Charles and his mother, by whom, after being embalmed, it was sent to the Pope at Rome, or as other authorities assert, to Philip II. of Spain.

Other monsters, imitating this example, tore off the hands, and the feet, and the ears. Afterwards the trunk was kicked and dragged about in the mire of the streets by one band of blood-stained revellers after another, for three days. It was at last taken to the gibbet at Montfaucon, and there hung up by the legs. There this venerable noble-

man's remains, naked, mutilated, and besmeared with all manner of defilement, swung in their iron chain from the gallows-tree. Charles and his mother, attended by a numerous suite, came to view the hideous spectacle. As the King gazed on it, one of his courtiers, who accompanied him, remarked that the smell was offensive. "The body of a dead enemy," replied Charles, repeating the expression of Vitellius at Cremona—"always smells sweet."

VI.

The Massacre Goes On.

WHILE the Admiral Coligny was thus being the victim of bigoted and infuriated hate, the blood of the devoted Huguenots was flowing with no less profusion at the Louvre, under the eyes of the King himself. Nançay, the Captain of the Guards, having repaired, with a party of his men, to the chambers occupied by the attendants of the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, fell upon their victims before they had time to think of defence. They took from them what arms they happened to have in their possession, and then leading them down to the court in front of the palace, they slew them deliberately, one by one, while Charles looked on from the window, and urged them to take care that none escaped.

It was impossible, however, that such a mas-

sacre could be effected without much noise and disorder, cut off, even as the sufferers were, from all help or means of resistance. The palace seems to have been filled with confusion and terror.

Henry's newly-married Queen, Margaret, has given us, in her memoirs, an account of so much of the frightful tragedy as fell under her own observation. While she lay asleep in her own apartment, which was near that of her husband, she was awakened by some one knocking at the door, and crying out "Navarre! Navarre!" Her servant, thinking it was her husband, King Henry, quickly ran to the door. On opening it, a gentleman rushed in, bleeding from wounds in different parts of his person, and pursued by soldiers. As they did not hesitate to follow him into the chamber, he, seeking a place of refuge, threw himself on the bed where Margaret lay. Feeling herself caught hold of by the man, she sprang from the bed to the floor, where he fell with her, continuing to cling to her. She knew not whether the soldiers

were seeking her life or his, and she was extremely agitated. At length Nançay, the Captain of the Guards, made his appearance and released her. He reproved the men for their violence, ordered them to leave the apartment, and granted to Margaret's entreaties the life of the poor man who had sought refuge in her apartments.

Margaret was then conducted into the apartments of her sister, Madame of Lorraine. As she was entering the ante-chamber, a gentleman, pursued by soldiers, was pierced by a halberd within a few feet of her. At this sight she fainted. Nançay had already informed her of what was going on, and assured her that her husband was in safety beside the King.

In truth Henry and the Prince of Condé had already been conducted to Charles, and received by him in a room where he sat in company with the chief contrivers of the massacre. As soon as they presented themselves he addressed them at some length, and after enumerating the various causes of complaint he conceived himself to have

against the party to which they had belonged, he concluded by announcing to them that they must either consent immediately to change their religion, or prepare to undergo the fate which they had seen inflicted on so many of their friends. In reply the two young princes ventured to remind their royal kinsman of the promises and assurances by which he had drawn them to his Court, and the other considerations entitling them to have their opinions respected, and their lives preserved. Their remonstrances were in vain. The utmost they could obtain was a respite of three days, before the termination of which they consented to go to mass, and thus escaped death, though they did not recover their liberty.

While these events were taking place, the alarm-bell sounded from the Palais de Justice. This was the signal for all the subordinate agents of the conspiracy in the different parts of the town to commence operations. Tavannes, and several of his associates, immediately appeared on horseback in the streets, and riding about in all directions,

called out to the people to kill the Huguenots, telling them that such was the command of the King, who desired that not a single heretic should be suffered to escape. From this moment the slaughter was universal and indiscriminate. Inflamed with the wildest fury of religious hatred, to which, in many cases, fear, revenge, and other malignant passions added double force, the multitude set no bounds to their ferocity and cruelty. Persons of both sexes and of all ages equally fell victims to their unpitying rage. Every house supposed to be tenanted by persons of the obnoxious religion was broken into. The inmates sometimes attempted to fly or to hide themselves, but rarely offered any resistance. It was all headlong fury on one side, and astonishment and consternation on the other. Nor were all those who perished Protestants. Many took advantage of the confusion of this popular tempest to satiate their private and personal enmities, and to wreak on a brother of the same faith the hoarded hatred of years. All the worst passions of the

human heart were let loose; but their one wild cry was blood! blood!

On that terrible Sabbath,* blood reeked from the principal streets of Paris, as from a field of battle. The bodies of the slaughtered, of men, of women, of children, of infants, were heaped together into carts, and so carried down and thrown into the river, in which they might be seen everywhere floating and tumbling, while its waters were turned red by the blood that flowed from them. The general description which de Thou gives us of the horrors of the scene, is exceedingly striking.

"The people," he says, "incited against their fellow-countrymen by the captains and lieutenants of the city guard, who were flying about in all directions, rioted in the phrenzy of a boundless license, and all things wore an aspect of woe and affright. The streets resounded with the uproar of the crowds rushing on to slaughter and plunder, while ever and anon the lamenting cries of persons dying or in peril, met the ear, or the

* St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24th, fell on Sunday.

carcasses of those who had been murdered were seen tossed forth from the windows of their dwellings. The courts, and even the inner apartments of many houses, were filled with the slain; dead bodies were rolled or dragged along the mire of the highways; the bloody puddle overflowed the kennels, and ran down, in different places, to the river; an innumerable multitude perished, not only of men, but of women and children."*

* Thuani Historia, vol. iii.

VII.

Individual Victims.

IN the contemporary history of the times, we have many individual pictures of suffering and outrage of the most atrocious character. From these we select a few, in order to convey a clearer idea of the horrors of this infamous massacre.

The attendants of Coligny and the Protestant gentlemen who resided in his house, fled — as before stated—by a window in the roof. A few of them succeeded, by this means, to elude their pursuers, for a time. Among these was the young Teligny, recently married to the daughter of the Admiral—a gentleman of distinguished qualifications, and universally regarded by his party with the warmest attachment. He had been observed making his way along the roof of a house by

several persons belonging to the Court. But, although he was one of those whom they had been particularly charged not to allow to escape, they could not find it in their heart to kill him, so much beloved was he by all to whom he was known. He was afterwards discovered by some soldiers in a garret, and even they, upon learning his name, went away, and left him unharmed. But some other soldiers, belonging to the guard of the Duke of Anjou, coming shortly after to the place where he was hid, despatched him and several persons of the Admiral's suite who were with him. This they did, it is said, at the command of their captain,—a person who had been, heretofore, the familiar friend of Teligny. But all such connections between those not professing the same faith, were now broken and forgotten.

Among others who perished was Peter Ramus, one of the most intrepid spirits of modern times, and whose whole life nearly had been as stormy as its termination was now miserable. He was, at

this time, Professor of Philosophy and Eloquence in the College of Presles, which stood in the south-eastern quarter of the city. He had held this dignity for more than twenty years, although the civil commotions by which the kingdom had so long been agitated had frequently compelled him to retire for a season from the performance of his duties. He had, however, returned to Paris, and to his academic sanctuary, on the general pacification of 1570. Being a zealous opponent not only of the ancient religion, but likewise of the philosophy which had long reigned in the schools, he was regarded with peculiar enmity by the adherents of the prevailing faith. It is said that the murderers were sent to his college, within which he had concealed himself, by one Jacques Charpentier, his personal enemy. Being found by them, he offered to purchase his life by the payment of a considerable sum of money. Nevertheless, he was massacred, and thrown from the window of a high chamber to the ground; after which they dragged him along the streets, the

body being all the while scourged by some scholars, spurred on by their masters to this indignity.

Although, as has been said, the victims in general made scarcely any attempt even to defend themselves, still several instances occurred in which the person attacked did not fall before he had maintained a severe struggle with his assailants. Among others was the Sieur de Guerchy, who, wrapping his mantle round his arm, fought with his sword, the only weapon he had, till he sunk under the blows that fell upon him from all sides.

Tavervy, also, a lieutenant of the Patrole, when the blood-thirsty mob attacked his house, defended himself, by the assistance of one of his soldiers, with great bravery, as long as his ammunition lasted. He was at last, however, overpowered. Being killed, and his furniture and jewels carried off, the soldiers seized upon his sister who was in bed, sick and at the point of death, and dragged her naked through the streets,

till she breathed her last under their torturing hands.

But we cannot afford space for any more of these horrid relations. Of the persons massacred, the greater number were killed with daggers and poniards. These were treated with least cruelty. Many of those who met death otherwise were cruelly tortured—mutilated of their limbs, mocked and outraged by torments still sharper than the points of the swords with which they were pierced. Several old men being seized and brought down to the river, were first knocked on the head against the stones of the quay, and then thrown half dead into the water. In one of the streets a number of boys of nine or ten years of age were seen dragging about an infant yet in swaddling-clothes, by a rope tied round its neck. Another little child, on being laid hold of, began to laugh and to play with the beard of the stranger in whose arms it found itself. But the monster, untouched by its simple innocence, thrust his dagger into its bosom, and then tossed it from him into

the river. "The paper would weep"—says the chronicler—"if I were to recite the horrible blasphemies which were uttered by these monsters and incarnate devils during the fury of so many slaughters. The uproar, the continual sound of arquebuses and pistols, the lamentable and affrighting cries of those in agony, the vociferations of the murderers, the dead bodies thrown from the windows, or dragged through the mire with strange hootings and hissings, the stones which were thrown against them, and the pillaging of more than six hundred houses—all this, long continued, could only present to the eyes of the reader a perpetual image of extreme misery in all its forms."*

By the fortunate mismanagement of the person charged with the conduct of the massacre in the Faubourg St. Germain, the greater number of Protestants lodged in that quarter of the city were providentially enabled to effect their escape. Among these were the Sieur de Fontenay, the

* Mémoires de l'Estat, i. 313.

Vidame of Chatres, the Count of Montgomery, and many other noblemen and gentlemen of distinction.

They first received intelligence of what was going forward on the other side of the river, about five o'clock in the morning, when a man, who had come across in a boat, brought them the accounts of the extraordinary state in which the town was. Disbelieving the assertion of their informer that the atrocities which he reported were perpetrated by the order of the King, and convinced that his Majesty himself must be in danger from the authors of the massacre of their Protestant brethren, many of them were on the point of proceeding across the river with the intention of lending their aid to protect the royal person and authority. But they soon had reason to repent their rashness. While about to step into the boats they saw approaching them from the opposite side, about two hundred soldiers of the King's Guard, who immediately discharged upon them a volley of musketry. Looking up they beheld Charles himself at

the window of the Hotel de Bourbon, not only encouraging the soldiers, but joining them in the attack. He was firing as fast as the guns could be handed to him, and calling out to the men below, with passionate imprecations, to make all haste, as the Huguenots were already taking flight.

On observing this they lost not a moment in attempting their escape; and some on foot, some on horseback, though many of those who were mounted were without boots or spurs, they fled in all directions, no one thinking of saving anything else but his life. The soldiers rushing into their houses, pillaged them of whatever they contained, and massacred, at the same time, many of the inhabitants who had not time to make their escape.

The slaughter continued without intermission till five o'clock in the afternoon, when proclamation was made by sound of trumpet in the King's name, commanding all the citizens to retire to their houses. But at an early hour on the following morning, the populace, refreshed by their few hours of rest, recommenced their bloody work.

During the whole of that day and the next, the butchery of the unhappy Huguenots was carried on with undiminished ferocity, the infuriated rabble only stopping at last when they could find no more victims to destroy.

Meanwhile the couriers which had been despatched to the provinces with letters from the King to the several governors, had advertised them of what was passing in the capital, and directed them to follow the same course with regard to the persons belonging to the obnoxious faith in the principal towns of their respective districts. The consequence was that the same melancholy scenes which had been acted in Paris were repeated in many parts of France. At Meaux, at Troyes, at Orleans, at Bourges, at Lyons, at Toulouse, at Rouen, at Bordeaux, and in various other places, the mob, encouraged and assisted by the authorities, committed the wildest excesses of bloodshed and spoliation.

After the massacre was over, it became the object of the Court, in order to rid itself of the

odium attaching to so foul a treachery, to make it appear that the blood which had flowed so profusely, had been shed only in self-defence, inasmuch as a conspiracy of the Huguenots had been, in fact, on the eve of breaking out, when its authors were thus suddenly overpowered and destroyed. The papers of Coligny had been examined in vain for anything which could be brought forward as affording even a shadow of proof of this pretended plot. Another expedient was, therefore, resorted to. Two eminent individuals of the Protestant party, Cavagnes, a counsellor of the Parliament of Toulouse, and Briquemaut, a retired military officer of rank, both persons of venerable age, having been thrown into prison during the massacre, were brought to trial on the charge of having been implicated with the Admiral in the treason for which he suffered death. The judges before whom they were brought in the first instance, finding that no evidence was produced against them except the assertions of their accusers, had the courage to refuse to declare them

guilty. A more compliant tribunal, however, was subsequently found. After an unsuccessful attempt had been made to seduce them into a confession, by a promise that their lives should be saved, sentence of death, confiscation of goods, and attainder was pronounced against them. They were accordingly dragged on hurdles from the prison of the Conciergerie to the Place de Grève, and there hanged. These unfortunate persons had been well known to Charles, who had been wont to make them many professions of his favor and respect. Both he and his mother, however, chose to regale their eyes with the sight of the agonies of the dying men. For this purpose the King left the bedside of his young consort, the beautiful and admirable Elizabeth of Austria, who had that morning presented him with a daughter, the first fruit of their union, and also the last. Having arrived at an early hour in the evening at the Hotel de Ville, the royal guests sat down to a sumptuous repast in the great hall of that building, the windows of which overlooked the place of exe-

cution. That the party might have time to enjoy the preliminary entertainment provided for them, the performance of the fatal ceremony was delayed till ten o'clock, although the gray-haired prisoners, sitting bound and bareheaded on their hurdles, were exposed, during a great part of this interval, to sufferings much worse than death from the pitiless and unmitigable hate of the individuals around the scaffold. At last, at the hour we have mentioned, the windows of the hall were thrown open, and Charles, with his mother and his two brothers, having advanced in the midst of a blaze of torches, the executioner proceeded to his horrid task, while they looked on with fixed attention.

VIII.

Incidents of the Massacre.

ALTHOUGH the general carnage at Paris terminated after the first three days, individuals continued to be occasionally fallen upon and put to death nearly throughout the week. After the cessation of the massacre, the city presented a hideous aspect. In many of the principal streets, the pillaged bodies and separated limbs of the slaughtered still lay putrefying on the ground. These disgusting relics crowded especially the banks of the river, along which a sort of market was established, where the relations of the dead might be seen bargaining for the corpses with those who had dragged them from the river. Many, however, were carried down by the current beyond the bounds of the city. Between the fifth and thirteenth of September, no fewer than eleven

hundred bodies were cast ashore and interred in the neighborhood of St. Cloud, Auteuil, and Chaillot. More than a month elapsed before all the dead were removed from the streets; and even at the distance of more than a year, bodies were occasionally found on the roofs of houses, in cellars, or other less-frequented places. The blood of Coligny is said to have remained distinguishable on the wall of his hotel for more than a century. "There are old men still alive"—says a French writer in 1826—"who affirm that they have known persons who had seen and touched that blood."

The numbers of those who perished in this terrible convulsion have, as was to be expected in a case so much open to conjecture, been variously estimated. They have been set down at from thirty thousand to one hundred thousand. It is probably near the truth to estimate them at fifty thousand. Those who survived were for a moment stupefied by the blow, and the Papists themselves seemed paralyzed with shame and remorse.

Charles was as one struck by avenging retribution. He became restless, sullen, and dejected, and labored under a slow fever to the day of his death.

The lives of the young Prince of Condé and Henry of Navarre had been spared on condition of their embracing the Romish faith. To this they merely pretended to accede, as both attempted to escape from Paris immediately afterwards. Condé alone was successful, and placed himself at the head of the Huguenots; and this party, which Charles had hoped to exterminate at one blow, soon mustered an army of eighteen thousand men, who kept possession of Rochelle, Montauban, and many castles, fortresses, and smaller towns. Thus Charles, and Catherine, his mother, gained nothing by their infamous treachery, but a character for perfidy and cruelty which has been unequalled in the annals of history.

Some of the most eminent among the intended victims were fortunate enough, through various providences, to escape the fate which involved so

many of their friends. We have already detailed the circumstances to which the lords and gentlemen lodged in the Faubourg St. Germain, were indebted for their preservation. Others were saved by having withdrawn from the capital altogether, before the fatal day, in consequence of the apprehensions they entertained, or by having declined to come hither at all.

Among others whom a kind Providence protected was young Bethune, a son of the Sieur de Rosny, whom his father had placed in the service of the Prince of Navarre. He was only in his twelfth year, and as soon as he was left in Paris, he proceeded to apply himself to the studies suited to his age, for which purpose his residence had been fixed on the south side of the river, in the neighborhood of the colleges. On the night of the twenty-third, he had retired early, intending to rise in the morning somewhat sooner than usual, to present himself at Court. About three o'clock he was awakened by the cries of the people in the streets, and the alarm-bells which were ringing

from all the steeples. His tutor and his valet-de-chambre had already both left the house to ascertain the nature of the commotion, and no one remained within except the landlord. This man was a Protestant, but in this emergency he earnestly urged his young lodger to accompany him to mass, to save his house from pillage, and both of them from being massacred. Instead, however, of following this advice, Bethune resolved to endeavor to find his way to the college of Burgundy, the principal of which, he was sure, would not refuse him an asylum. Accordingly, putting on his scholars'-gown, and taking a book under his arm, he set out. In the street he was stopped by a party of soldiers, who were proceeding to use him roughly. But one of them having snatched from him the book which he carried, it fortunately turned out to be a breviary. The circumstance immediately procured him his liberty, and he was allowed to proceed on his way. He was again detained, in another street, and a third time at the entry to the cloister of St. Bennet, but

he found his book, on both occasions, his sufficient passport. As he hastened along, however, he beheld the mob everywhere breaking into and plundering the houses of the Huguenots, and, with the wildest cries, butchering indiscriminately men, women, and children—sights which could not fail to fill him with considerable impatience to reach his intended place of refuge. He at last arrived at the gate of the college, but here the porter for some time resolutely refused to give him admission. He contrived, however, to subdue the man's obstinacy by giving him some money he happened to have in his pocket, and he consented to carry up his name and his request to the principal. That person, with a compassion and courage but rarely exemplified during this terrible crisis, immediately came to the gate and admitted his young friend, although greatly embarrassed how to dispose of him, in consequence of there being two priests at that moment in his chamber, who had just been telling him of the design that had been formed to exterminate the

Huguenots, even to the infants at the breast, after the example, as they expressed it, of the Sicilian Vespers. He contrived, however, to place Bethune in a secret apartment, where he lay concealed for three days, no one even visiting him except a trusty servant of the principal, who brought him his food. At the end of this period, the general massacre being over, two armed men, sent by his father, arrived at the college to inquire after him. In a few days he received directions from his father to remain at Paris, and proceed with his studies, and, in order that he might do so without danger, to go to mass, as his royal master and many others had consented to do.

One or two others, as well as Navarre and Condé, were permitted to live by the forbearance of the authors of the massacre. The illustrious l'Hospital, who, although he continued in the profession of the ancient faith, was universally suspected to be very nearly a Protestant at heart, had resigned the Chancellorship about four years before, and was at this time residing at his country

seat not far from Paris. His friends, apprehensive for his safety, urged him either to fly, or at least to put his house in a state of defence. But, conscious of no crime, the old man refused to do anything which might seem to have been dictated by a sense of guilt. Even when a party of horse was seen advancing upon his residence, he would not permit his gates to be closed against them. Fortunately, however, while these assailants were on the point of massacring him, another party arrived, bringing express orders from the King that his life should be spared. On being informed that it had been determined to pardon him, he coolly replied, "I did not know that I had done anything to deserve either pardon or punishment." The daughter of the ex-Chancellor was at Paris during the time of the massacre, and she also had the good fortune to save her life, through the protection of the Duchess of Guise.

Another person whom Charles spared of his own accord, was his surgeon, Ambrose Paré, who, as already mentioned, was in attendance to dress

the wounds of the Admiral Coligny, after his attempted assassination. Paré, who was one of the most eminent men of his profession of whom that age could boast, lived, although a Protestant, in the enjoyment of the greatest familiarity with Charles. On the evening before the massacre, the King sent for him, and placing him in a room near his own chamber, ordered him to remain there without stirring, remarking that it was not reasonable that one so serviceable in saving the lives of others, should lose his own.

While the slaughter was going on, his Majesty endeavored to persuade Paré to change his religion. He is said to have replied, boldly, "By the light of God, Sire, I cannot doubt that you well remember having promised, as the conditions on which I engaged never to disobey you, that there were three things you would never ask me to do, namely, to be present at a battle, to quit your service, or to go to mass." The frank and gay tone of this answer seems to have put Charles in a good humor, and Paré

was allowed to retain his religion, as well as his life.

The King afterwards came to Paré, and confessed to him that ever since the commencement of the massacre, he had felt as if he had been in a high fever, and that the figures of the murdered people, with their faces besmeared with blood, seemed to start up every moment before his eyes, both while he slept and when he was awake. On this Paré seized the opportunity of recalling the royal mind to sentiments different from those which had recently possessed it, and the consequence was the appearance of an edict the next day, commanding all to abstain, on pain of death, from any further acts of slaughter or pillage.

IX.

Philip de Mornay.

THERE were few who had a narrower escape from the St. Bartholomew than the celebrated Philip de Mornay, afterwards so well known both as a soldier, a politician, and a man of letters. Although at this time only in his twenty-third year, De Mornay had already not only travelled over a great part of Europe, but had so much distinguished himself by his exertions, both with sword and pen, in the Protestant cause, as to have, in some sort, taken his rank among the leaders of his party.

Having returned to France from England about the end of July, he immediately proceeded to Paris to join Coligny and the other Huguenot gentlemen who had assembled to witness the royal marriage. Yet, we are told, he was far from being

without apprehension as to the designs of the Court, and felt so little sympathy with the prevailing feelings of his party, that on the day when the nuptial ceremony was performed, he scarcely left his lodgings. On the following Friday, the 22d, he was preparing to return to his country-seat, and had taken leave of Coligny with that intention, when, soon after, his German servant came and informed him of the attempt that had been made on the Admiral's life. On receiving this intelligence, he immediately ran out to the street, and was one of those who accompanied the wounded man to his hotel. From this moment his fears of some impending mischief became stronger than ever. He made his mother, who had been with him, take her departure for the country without further delay. But he resolved, notwithstanding her entreaties, to remain in Paris, and to share the fate of his friends, whatever it might be

Following the example of many of the other Huguenot gentlemen, he now took apartments near the Admiral, but fortunately they could not

be got ready for him before Monday, and he was therefore obliged to remain till then at his former lodgings. On returning thither, at a late hour on Saturday night, from a visit to Coligny, he was informed of certain movements which had been observed among the soldiers and some of the citizens. Next morning, having despatched his German servant before five o'clock to the house of the Admiral, the man soon after returned, and gave him an account of the dreadful state in which that part of the city was. He rose instantly, and dressed himself with the intention of leaving the house, but before he could get ready, the mob were in the street, and to attempt to escape was impossible. Fortunately his landlord, although of the opposite faith, was disposed to do everything in his power to save him. He had just time to burn his papers before the party who had been sent to seek for him found their way to his apartments, and he was enabled to elude their search by concealing himself till they took their departure. That day he was not again molested, but on

the following morning his landlord informed him that the frenzy of the populace had broken out anew, and that it was no longer in his power to shelter him. By this time the murderers were in the neighboring house, the master of which they massacred, and afterwards threw his body out of one of the windows.

On hearing this, De Mornay, putting on a black dress, of a very plain fashion, and his sword, immediately descended to the street, and had the good fortune to escape notice, while the mob were still engaged in pillaging the adjacent house. Having crossed the river he proceeded onward, not, however, without frequent exposure to the greatest danger. His intention was to take refuge with an attorney by the name of Girard, who used to manage the affairs of his family, and who would not, he trusted, refuse him an asylum. On arriving at the house he found Girard himself standing at the door The moment was a critical one, for the Captain of the Watch was just passing. However, Girard had the presence of mind to receive him in such a

manner as to occasion no suspicion. Having entered the house, he took his place at a desk, and employed himself in writing, like the other clerks. Unfortunately, however, the persons belonging to his household had conjectured that this house would be his hiding-place, and thither they came, one after another, to seek for him or to share his retreat. This was soon remarked, and during the night an order came to Girard to deliver up the person whom he kept concealed in his house. To remain here longer, therefore, was impossible. At an early hour in the morning, he set out alone to endeavor to escape from the city, or to find some other place of retreat. As he was leaving the house, a young man who had been his clerk came up to him, and, greatly to his comfort, offered to get him out by the Porte St. Martin, where he was known to the soldiers on guard, having formerly been one of them. On reaching this gate, however, they found to their dismay that orders had been given that it should not be opened that morning. They were therefore obliged to proceed

to the adjoining Porte St. Denis, with the guard of which the clerk had no more acquaintance than De Mornay himself, and where it does not appear that the latter was likely to derive any advantage whatever from the presence of his companion, if, indeed, the circumstance of that person being only in his slippers should not rather expose them to greater risk of detention. However, to the Porte St. Denis they went, and, after being questioned, were actually allowed to pass—De Mornay having represented himself as an attorney's clerk, who had got leave from his master to go, during the vacation, to Rouen, his native place, to see his relations. But the unlucky slippers were destined, after all, to work them the very mischief that De Mornay had feared. They had not been long gone, when it occurred to one of the guard that this was rather a strange attire for a person about to make so long a journey as to Rouen. The man having mentioned his suspicions to his comrades, it was instantly resolved to despatch four armed men after the fugitives. They were overtaken

near the village of La Vilette, and immediately brought back in the hands of a mob of the country people, who could hardly be prevented from tearing the prisoners to pieces on the way. The clerk, by his conduct, added not a little to the danger. Entirely losing his presence of mind as they dragged his master along, with the avowed intention of throwing him into the river, he swore vehemently that De Mornay was no Huguenot—thus effectually revealing who the captive was. With more prudence De Mornay himself barely remarked that he was convinced they would be sorry to put an innocent man to death from having mistaken him for another person, and assured them that, if they would take him into some house, he would give them such references to persons in the city as would satisfy them on inquiry that the account he had given of himself was correct. He at last prevailed upon them to comply with his request, and some of them accompanied him into a house in the suburbs. But now that he had

obtained this reprieve, he hardly knew how to avail himself of it.

At first he thought of throwing himself out of the window, but on reflection resolved to make an attempt to get out of their hands by sheer assurance, and, when they asked for his promised references, he boldly named, as persons to whom he was well known, the Messieurs de Rambouillet and the Cardinal, their brother. This he did, partly in the hope of overawing them somewhat by these imposing names, but principally because he knew they could not easily find access to personages of such rank, and would therefore, he imagined, be forced to take his asserted acquaintanceship on trust. But those with whom he had to deal were not to be so put off. Considering, probably, that an attorney's clerk could hardly be altogether without some friends of lower degree than nobles and cardinals, they insisted upon his giving them other references. At this moment the wagon from Rouen made its appearance. As he had said that he belonged to that city, some one proposed

to stop the vehicle in order to see if any of the persons in it knew anything of him. When they found that none of the passengers had ever heard of his name, their conviction that he was an impostor became more confirmed than ever, and the cry to have him thrown into the river was raised again with renewed violence.

Some further contention consumed a little more time, and while they were yet wrangling, two messengers whom, on De Mornay's reference, they had sent off to Girard, returned with his answer. De Mornay had written on an open note to him these words,—"Sir, I am detained by the people of the Porte and Faubourg of St. Denis, who will not believe that I am Philip Mornay, your clerk, to whom you have given leave to go to see his relations at Rouen during the vacation. I beg you will certify to them the truth of this statement, that they may permit me to proceed on my journey." Girard wrote on the back of the note the desired attestation, with the assurance that the individual in their hands was neither a rebel nor

a seditious person, and subscribed his signature. The suspicions they had entertained were, therefore, removed, and they resolved not only to set him free, but, by making some amends for the injustice, to escort him back to the spot where they had apprehended him. He got out of their hands at last about nine o'clock, and lost no time in pursuing his journey.

At Chantilly he obtained a horse from his friend, Montmorency, one of the few who had escaped the massacre by leaving Paris in time, under the apprehension of the impending treachery. At last, though not without some other perils and providential escapes, he arrived in safety at his estate in Normandy, on Friday the twenty-ninth. Here, however, he found his family and establishment dispersed, his mother having been obliged to take refuge in the house of a neighbor. In the course of a few days he embarked at Dieppe for England, and after encountering a severe storm, which at one time threatened to drive them back to Calais, and the terrors of which were augmented

by the cries of numbers of women and children, flying like himself, from the blood-drenched land of their birth, he reached the port of Rye, on the ninth day after the massacre.

Madame de Feuqueres.

THE foregoing narrative of the escape of De Mornay is derived from the account* given us by Madame de Feuqueres, who afterwards became his wife. This lady, the widow of M. de Feuqueres, was also in Paris during the St. Bartholomew, and the dangers to which she was herself exposed, were still more formidable. Her husband had died of a wound received in battle about three years before, leaving with his young widow a daughter six months old. Soon after this she lost her father and her sister, and the father of her late husband. To add to her distresses, she had been stripped of all her property by the civil confusions of the time, and was almost without the means of

* Mémoires et Correspondance de Duplessis-Mornay. Paris 1824.

existence. This load of suffering broke down her health, which she never afterwards entirely recovered. At length, on the conclusion of the peace of 1570, she came to Paris with her daughter, on the invitation of her mother, who continued in the profession of the ancient religion, although the rest of the family had embraced the principles of the Reformation. From this time she had remained in the French capital.

On the morning of the Sunday on which the massacre commenced, she was still in bed, when one of the maid-servants, who was a Protestant, came running into her room in a state of great terror, to inform her that in the heart of the town, where she had just been, the mob were killing everybody. Without feeling any great alarm, Madame de Feuqueres—who had intended to go that day to the Louvre, to take leave of the Princess of Condé, and some others of her friends, preparatory to her proposed departure to the provinces—rose and put on her dress, when looking from her window, she perceived the whole

street in commotion. Parties of military were mixed with the crowd, and all wore white crosses in their hats.

Convinced now of the reality of her danger, she sent off to her mother, with whom her brother also lived, to inquire the meaning of the disturbance. Meanwhile, a message was brought her from her maternal uncle, the Bishop of Senlis, who desired her to put out of the way whatever articles she had of greatest value, and promised that he would immediately send some one to find her. This, however, the Bishop forgot to do, or else found it impossible. After waiting, therefore, for about half an hour, and seeing the rioters fast approaching, she deemed it best to send off her daughter by a female servant to an officer in the king's household, who was a relation and one of her best friends. This gentleman received the child, and also sent to its mother to say that, if she chose, he would give her too an asylum. She gladly accepted this offer, and leaving her lodgings for that purpose, about eight o'clock, she had

scarcely gone when a part of the mob entered her house, in search of her. When they could not find their expected victim, they proceeded to pillage the house. In the meantime, other Protestant friends came one after another, to claim the protection of the same roof which sheltered her, till at length about forty persons were concealed in the house. Lest suspicion should be excited by the purchase of the unusual quantity of provisions required for so many guests, they sent for what articles they wanted to another part of the town. All these precautions, however, proved eventually insufficient to ward off the apprehended danger. On Tuesday it was ordered that the house should be searched. By this time, fortunately, the greater number of those who had crowded to it on the first breaking out of the massacre, had left, and taken refuge elsewhere, so that there only remained Madame de F. and another lady, with their attendants. In the extremity which had now arrived, she was forced to conceal herself in a loft above a granary, where her ears were pierced by

the wild cries of men, women, and children, whom they were butchering in the streets, and she was thrown, she tells us, into such perplexity and despair that she was at times tempted to rush down from her hiding-place, and deliver herself up at once into the hands of the infuriated populace.

What principally distracted her was the thought of her daughter, whom she had been obliged to leave below, in the charge of a servant. This person, however, succeeded in conveying the child, through the midst of numerous dangers, to the house of a relation of its mother, with whom it remained in safety. But it was now judged advisable that Madame de F. also should, as soon as possible, leave her present asylum. It was impossible for her to venture to her mother's residence, as a guard had been placed round the house. She therefore resolved, as her only resource, to throw herself upon the compassion of a person who had, some time before, married one of her maid-servants, and who was now captain of the watch in his quarter, and in that character one of the com

missioned agents of the massacre. This man gave her admission, and permitted her to remain in his house all the night, though not without making her listen to many violent invectives against the Huguenots, and insisting with her in warm terms to go to mass.

On the following day, at noon, she left this retreat, and set out to find her way to the house of the President Tambonneau, in the cloister of Nôtre Dame, who had been apprized of her situation by her mother, and solicited to afford her protection. She effected her entry into the house without being observed, and being placed in the study, she remained there unmolested during the rest of that day and the greater part of the next. On the evening of Thursday, however, information reached the family that the mob were about to visit them. There was not a moment to be lost, and the hunted fugitive was again transferred to the house of a corn-merchant, an acquaintance of her protector, and a person on whose fidelity they could rely. Here she remained till the following

Wednesday. She was concealed in an upper chamber, and her food was brought to her by one of the females of the family, who concealed it in her apron for fear of being discovered by other inmates of the house. During this time her mother had sent to implore her to go to mass, but she steadily refused to yield to the proposal.

At last she determined to make an attempt by herself to escape from Paris. On Wednesday, about eleven o'clock in the morning, she descended from her lurking-place, walked down to the river, and stepped on board of a boat which was going to Sens. She soon, however, found herself exposed to more imminent danger than ever. When they reached the Pont de la Tournelle, the boat was stopped by the guard, and their passports demanded from them on board. The others showed theirs, but Madame de F. had none. On this the soldiers, eagerly exclaiming that she was a Huguenot, and must be drowned, forced her to leave the boat. Seeing herself thus on the point of being put to death, she besought them to con-

duct her to the house of M. de Voisenon, Auditor of Accounts, who was one of her friends, assuring them that he would answer for her. They at last agreed to comply with her request, and two of their number were sent with her. When they arrived at the house, the soldiers remained at the door, and allowed her to walk up stairs alone. She had thus an opportunity of hastily intimating to her friend the situation in which she was, and entreating his interference to save her life. He immediately went down to the soldiers, and assured them that he had often seen the person they had brought to him in the house of Madame d'Eprunes, the mother of the Bishop of Senlis, whose family were well known to be good Catholics. The men, however, told him it was not about Madame d'Eprunes and her family they came to inquire, but about the female now present. All the reply of the Auditor to this was, that he had known her to be a good Catholic formerly, but what she might be now he could not say.

Fortunately, at this point of the conversation, a

woman who was known to the soldiers came up, and asked them what they were going to do with the person they had got in their hands. "Pardieu," they answered, "she is a Huguenot, and she must be drowned, for we see she is frightened." "Why," replied the woman, "you know me; I am no Huguenot; I go to mass every day; and yet I have been so frightened, that for these eight days past I have been in a fever." "In truth," exclaimed one of the soldiers; "I have been in the same state myself." The two men at last consented to conduct their prisoner back to the boat, merely remarking, as they put her again on board, that if she had been a man she should not have escaped so easily.

We must sum up very briefly the remaining hazards which Madame de Feuqueres ran in effecting her escape. The house of the corn-merchant in which she had lain so long concealed, was pillaged immediately after she left it. At the place where they landed for the night there was only one sleeping chamber at the inn, which she was

obliged to occupy with two other women. She greatly feared that their suspicions would be excited by her clothes, a part of which were fine and rich, while the rest of her attire was that of a servant. Her apprehensions here, however, proved vain.

On Thursday she left the boat, and proceeded on foot to the residence of the Chancellor l'Hospital, a distance of about five leagues. They found the Chancellor's house occupied by the guard which the King had sent for his protection. She therefore determined to take up her residence in the cottage of his vine-dresser—a poor man who treated her with the kindest hospitality. Here she remained for fifteen days, during which time the soldiers came to the village, searching every suspected house. But they were prevented from entering that in which she was concealed, in consequence of its being considered under the Chancellor's guard.

At last, when matters seemed to be somewhat tranquillized, she set set out, accompanied

by the vine-dresser, to Eprunes, a property belonging to her grandmother, which she reached in safety. She was received here as one returned from the dead. From this she went to Buhy, now in possession of her eldest brother. Here she was exposed to new persecutions. Her brother—who had saved his life by consenting to go to mass—was still so alarmed that he refused to allow her to remain in his house, on her persisting in declining to accompany him to chapel. With a very scanty supply of money she was obliged once more to set out on her travels. She went to Sedan, where she arrived on the first of November, and received the warmest welcome, and the supply of all her wants, from numerous friends, most of whom had, like herself, taken refuge here, after escaping from the Parisian massacre. She continued to reside in Sedan till her marriage with Philip de Mornay, in January, 1576.

XI.

The Escape of Marshal de la Force

PERHAPS the most extraordinary deliverance from the St. Bartholomew, of which an account has come down to us, was that of the Marshal de la Force.

The Sieur de la Force, the father of the Marshal, was one of the Protestant gentlemen who were lodged, when the massacre broke out, in the Faubourg St. Germain. The first notice he received, on the morning of the fatal Sunday, of what was passing in the city, was from a person who had swam across the river to apprize him of his danger. There were living with La Force his two sons, the youngest of whom, afterwards the Marshal, was now in his thirteenth year. Had the father thought but of his own safety, he probably might have been able, like many of his friends, to

have effected his escape. But some time was lost in getting his two boys in readiness to fly with him, and before they had left the house, it was broken into by the murderers. A man of the name of Martin was at the head of the party, who having made his men instantly disarm the prisoners, addressed himself to La Force, and told him with the most violent oaths, that his last moment was come. On La Force, however, offering him two thousand crowns to save the lives of himself and children, the ruffian and his band agreed to accept of this bribe. After having pillaged the house, they desired the father and his two sons to tie their handkerchief in the form of crosses around their hats, and to turn up the right sleeves of their coats, and then they all set out together. The river, as they crossed it, was already covered with dead bodies, and the same frightful tokens of the tragedy acting around them, strewed the courts of the Louvre and the other places through which they passed. At last they arrived at Martin's house, and here La Force having been first bound

by an oath not to attempt to withdraw either himself or his sons until he should have paid the two thousand crowns, they were left in charge of two Swiss soldiers.

Madame de Brissembourg, the sister-in-law of La Force, who resided in the Arsenal, of which her relation, the Marshal de Biron, was grand-master, upon being applied to for the money to pay the promised ransom, engaged to send the requisite sum by the evening of the following day. La Force and his sons were therefore obliged to remain till then where they were. At last, when the appointed time arrived, a messenger was despatched for the money. While he was yet absent, the Count de Coconas suddenly presented himself at the head of a party of soldiers, bringing orders, as he said, to conduct the prisoners immediately to the Duke of Anjou. He had no sooner intimated the purpose of his visit, than his men, laying hold of the father and his sons, pulled off their bonnets and mantles, and by the rough manner in which they used them, afforded them a

suffieient presage of the fate prepared for them. They led them, however, some distance down the street without offering them violence. They then halted, and making a sudden assault upon them, they despatched first the eldest son, and the next instant the father, by multiplied blows with their daggers.

By a singular chance, the youngest son, in the confusion of the encounter, escaped untouched. The wildly-directed blows of the murderers had all missed him, having fallen upon his father and his brother. He had the presence of mind to throw himself down on the ground beside them, and as he lay bathed in their blood, to call out that he was mortally wounded, and then to counterfeit the appearance of death.

The murderers, supposing their deed done, after hastily stripping the three bodies, left the spot. It was not long before a number of the neighbors approached, and among the rest a poor man belonging to the tennis-court in the Rue du Verdelet. This person, on beholding the body of the young

est son, happened to remark, loud enough for the words to reach the ear of the boy, "Alas! this one is but a mere child." Hearing these expressions of compassion, young La Force ventured gently to raise his head and to whisper that he was still alive. The man desired him to remain still a little longer till he could come to remove him without being observed. As soon as everybody was out of sight he returned, and throwing an old ragged cloak over the boy, he took him on his back, and set out with him for his own house. Some person whom he met on the way having asked him who it was he was carrying, "It is my nephew," said he, "who has got drunk; I shall give him a good whipping this evening."

He soon reached his garret with his burden, and here La Force spent the night. The next morning, Tuesday, his preserver, at his request, agreed to conduct him to the Arsenal, the boy gladly engaging to pay him thirty crowns for this service. They set out together at break of day, and in a short time reached the gate of the Arsenal without

having met with any interruption. The difficulty now was for La Force, in the beggarly attire he had on, to get in, but leaving his guide, he at last found an opportunity, when the gate was open for the admission of another person, to pass through without being observed by the porter. He met no one till he reached the part of the building in which his aunt resided. When Madame de Brissembourg beheld him, her astonishment and emotion was great, for she had already been informed that all the three had perished. The thirty crowns were immediately sent out to his preserver, and La Force was placed in bed that he might recover from the effects of the terror and agitation he had undergone.

He had remained concealed in the Arsenal for the two following days, but at the end of this time information was brought to Marshal Biron that the building was about to be searched by order of the King, in consequence of reports that were in circulation, of some Huguenots having taken refuge there. It was deemed advisable, therefore, that he

should be immediately transferred to some other hiding-place, and accordingly on Thursday morning, attired as a page, he was confided to the care of a gentleman with whom he remained seven or eight days. But even at that distance of time after the massacre, the report of his singular escape having got abroad, fears were still entertained that an attempt would be made to gain possession of him. By some management it was contrived to convey him beyond the walls of the capital, and after several other hazardous adventures, he reached the house of his uncle, the Sieur de Caumont, in the South of France, by whom he was received with great joy. The boy thus miraculously rescued from destruction, and who eventually rose to the rank of Marshal, lived for more than eighty years after this escape, having died in 1653, at the age of ninety-four

XII.

The St. Bartholomew Ends.

THESE narratives of individual adventure and suffering may serve to convey more correctly than any merely general description could do, a representation of the terrors and inhumanities of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. They set before us vividly and truly the unrestrained riot of the slaughterers, the furious excitement and fever of public opinion, and the bewilderment and dismay of the unhappy beings who were scattered before the whirlwind of Papal persecution and popular wrath. The judgment passed upon this massacre by all reflecting persons, even those least favorable to Protestantism, must be that no example of any such enormous atrocity can be found in the national annals of all the world. Nor shall we think this judgment harsh or undeserved, when we view

in their full dimensions certain of the more remarkable characteristics of the transaction—its elaborate treachery—the royal and female hands that washed themselves in the bloodshed—the hour of reconcilement and festive rejoicing in which the victims were attacked—the number of the noble, the beautiful, and the virtuous who perished—the indiscriminate and unsparing comprehensiveness, the wild fury, the savage cruelty, the abominable brutality and extravagance of outrage, carried, in many cases, not only beyond the extinction of the last throb of life, but to the utmost limits of humiliation and disfigurement with which the slaughtering knife could do its office!

The whole story is a terrific illustration of what human nature is capable of becoming and of perpetrating, under the power of bigotry and religious hatred, aided by the hardening and depraving influence of barbarous institutions and manners. May God save our land, and our homes, from such enormities, whether done in the holy name of religion, or from the impulse of other motives!

PART II.

The Revolution of 1789.

1.

The Causes and First Steps of the Revolution.

THE character and events of the long reign of Louis XV., and the social and moral habits of the people which were fostered during that time, combined to bring about a state of things where the inevitable result must be revolution. When Louis XVI. ascended the throne in 1774, who was himself of an unambitious and unwarlike disposition, he found that the pride of their old military greatness was well nigh extinguished in the heart of the nation by a series of recent reverses, and that all the ordinary resources of the treasury were so exhausted, that nothing but the most rigid retrenchment in every department of public expenditure, seemed to offer a chance of saving the State from bankruptcy. It was the financial disorder of the times which brought on the crisis of the Revolution.

But other causes had been long at work which had been preparing the mind of the country for the new order of things which succeeded. The age of Louis XIV. had been one of great literary as well as military glory to France. It was part of the system of pomp and display which that monarch maintained, to advance the glory of his throne by the flatteries of genius, and this he could only do by creating a public opinion which would not long be satisfied with panegyric alone. In this manner, notwithstanding the despotism of the government, something of the air and sentiment of liberty prevailed among the people. They were so long permitted to breathe this air, by sufferance, that, at last, it became impossible to deprive them of it.

During the latter part of the reign of Louis XV., the press had become nearly, in all respects, free, and more than equal to a contest with the laws. This is clearly evident in the history of the publication of the famous *Dictionnaire Encyclopedique.* Though the printing of that work was frequently

suspended, it was always found necessary, after a short time, to permit it to be resumed. Although it advocated principles both in religion and politics that were calculated to unsettle men's minds, and to overturn the whole social fabric, yet it was not in the power of the government either to suppress it, or to control it. Moreover, these principles infected French literature generally at this period. Their diffusion was, in reality, almost the necessary consequence of the shameless conduct by which the Court had long distinguished itself. Ever since the accession of Louis XV. the most unbounded profligacy of manners had pervaded the household, first of the Regent, and then of the King himself, and had from thence rapidly spread among the higher ranks in every part of the kingdom, till among this class of society the most sacred obligations of religion and morality had become little better than a theme of fashionable ridicule, and the voice of reproof as little heeded as the indistinct murmurs of them that dream. But it could not be possible but that morality

should have her speedy and terrible revenge. The outraged laws of religion must vindicate themselves. God's authority could not thus be openly and systematically contemned and spurned without bringing down terrible retribution. They who despised morality soon grew to be themselves despised. The old reverential prejudices with respect to rank and station were fast giving way when rank and station were sinking into shameless corruption.

The irreligion of the times, also, was the natural produce of the dissoluteness and utter abandonment of decency which marked the conduct of the more influential orders, both in the State and Church. Some of the most reckless devotees of pleasure in this age were equally remarkable for their regular and scrupulous attention to all the outward ceremonies and corporeal taskwork of religion, whose genuine spirit could hardly fail to be brought into contempt by so profane a mockery. The manner in which many of the higher dignities in the ecclesiastical establishment were

bestowed, tended perhaps still more to alienate men's minds from what seemed little better than a State contrivance for the worst of State purposes. To mention no other instance, what reverence or respect could be felt for a church in which the infamous Dubois, one of the most unblushing debauchees that ever lived, and notorious, indeed, as a systematic preceptor of vice, had risen to be first an Archbishop, and afterwards a Cardinal, and had finally been elected their first President by the assembled body of the Clergy?

The state of public feeling and opinion, however, produced by these causes, may be rather said to have influenced the course of the Revolution, than to have actually set it in motion. That, as has been remarked, was done mainly by the pecuniary necessities and embarrassments of the government. These affairs had long been growing worse and worse, and had, at last, in the beginning of the year 1787, come to such a point that an appeal to the nation, in some form or other, was felt to be unavoidable. On the thir-

teenth of January in that year, a proclamation accordingly appeared, convoking—for the twenty-ninth of the same month, what was called an *Assembly of Notables;* that is, of principal persons from the different towns and districts of the kingdom, selected by the King. This was the first assembly of the kind which had been called together since 1626. They did not commence their sitting till the twenty-second of February. The principal object which they accomplished was ascertaining and publishing a statement of the condition of the public finances. It was found that there was an annual deficit of more than twenty-five million dollars, besides a debt, incurred in the space of about ten years, amounting to about three hundred million dollars. After making these alarming discoveries, and passing a few unimportant resolutions, with the view of introducing a better order into the accounts of the State, the Assembly of Notables closed their session on the twenty-fifth of May. Their announcement, however, of the deplorable condition of the revenue produced an

extraordinary sensation in the public mind, and from that moment everybody began to talk of the convocation of the States-General, as the only measure suited to the exigencies of the kingdom. The Parliament in particular—which had been re-established by Louis XVI. on his coming to the throne—soon after expressly demanded from the King the adoption of this measure. This remonstrance being disregarded, they came to the resolution, on the thirteenth of August, that for the future no impost could be legally levied, unless the enactment bore in the preamble, a statement of the fact that the opinion of the States-General had been taken upon it.

This bold declaration was the commencement of a protracted struggle between the Court on the one side and the Parliaments—as well of the Provinces, as of Paris—backed by the people, on the other. After a year of collision between these parties, unused to difference, the contest in which force and artifice were equally unavailing on the part of the government, at last terminated in the

victory of the popular will. On the 8th of August, 1788, an ediet was issued for the Convocation of the States, in May following. A few days after the national favorite, Necker, was replaced as Minister of Finance, on the dismissal of De Brienne, the Archbishop of Toulouse, who had held that place during the preceding fifteen months.

A second Assembly of Notables had been in session from the sixth of November till the eighth of the following month, to determine the number of deputies which should be sent by each of the different estates of the realm. The matter was, however, at last settled by an ordinance of the King, who decided that the representatives of the Commons, or *Tiers-Etat*, as they were called—should equal in number those of the nobility and clergy together. On the 5th of May, 1789, the great national Convocation which France had not seen assembled for a hundred and seventy-five years, once more met at Versailles, in the magnificent hall of the palace named La Salle des Menus. This may be considered as the first day of the

Revolution. From this time it advanced to its consummation, like an inundation, which, overflowing the land, sweeps all before its resistless tide, and leaves nothing but desolation when its tide has subsided.

The Tiers-Etat assumed, at once, the attitude of superior power. It had been arranged that the three orders should deliberate each in its own hall, and that each should have its single vote on whatever measure might be discussed. This method of proceeding would have deprived the Commons of every advantage from their superiority of numbers, and would, indeed, have left them without a chance of success, in any question at issue between themselves and the two privileged orders. The second day, therefore, having again assembled in the hall,—the same in which the opening sitting had been held, and which had been assigned them as forming the most numerous of the three bodies,—they awaited without entering upon business, the arrival of the deputies of the other two estates. They persisted in this

course for many succeeding days. Afterwards they sent a formal invitation to the other deputies to join them, but their firmness produced no apparent effect till the thirteenth of June, when three members of the order of the Clergy at last presented themselves in their hall. This example was followed, the next day, by several other deputies of the same order. Emboldened by this success, or rather wisely reckoning upon what had taken place as an evidence of their strength, and a sure presage of victory, on the seventeenth the Commons declared themselves a National Assembly.

Three days afterwards another event happened, which operated with powerful effect in strengthening and confirming the enthusiasm which had thus blazed out. On repairing to their hall, on the morning of the twentieth, the deputies of the Tiers-Etat found the gates shut, and the building surrounded by soldiers, while a notice on the wall informed them that his Majesty, meaning to hold a royal sitting on the twenty-second, had commanded their meetings to be suspended while the

hall was undergoing the necessary preparations for that ceremonial. Astonished and enraged at the insolence of this proceeding, the deputies, after a few minutes of agitation, resolved to assemble in a tennis-court in the neighborhood. On arriving here, while they crowded around their president, Bailly, who had elevated himself on a table, they swore that no intimidation should make them cease from meeting together till they had given a constitution to their country. This patriotic vow rung throughout France, and was responded to by acclamations of applause and sympathy from her remotest borders.

The royal sitting took place on the twenty-third, and ended only in adding another triumph to those already achieved by the Commons. After pronouncing a declaration, proposing various important reforms, which were only objectionable in coming too late, his Majesty commanded the deputies of the different orders to disperse. But those of the Tiers-Etat remained in their seats. On the Grand-Master of ceremonies repeating to

them the King's command,—"Go tell your master,"—exclaimed Mirabeau—"that we are here by order of the people, and that we shall not be driven hence by his bayonets." After thus throwing down the gauntlet of defiance to the royal authority, they went on with their deliberations, as usual. On the twenty-seventh, the grand object for which they had been struggling from the first day they had met, was fully attained, by the return to their hall of all the deputies of the other two orders, in conformity with the recommendation of the King himself.

Thus was the first act of the Revolution completed by the virtual subjection to the new power of the representatives of the Commons, of both the King and the privileged orders, almost the only parties who had hitherto been recognized in France as having any political rights at all. Soon after this a new scene of the drama opened, and other actors appeared upon the stage. Some days before the States-General had assembled, a mob had arisen in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and

burned the manufactory of a paper-maker, of the name of Réveillon, who was said to have threatened to reduce the wages of his workmen. And on the 30th of June the populace had broken into the prison of the Abbey St. Germain, and liberated a number of soldiers of the Guards, who had been confined there for some acts of insubordination. But these insulated outrages could hardly be regarded as indicating any general system of insurrection on the part of the lower orders. The true commencement of the attempt of the mob to constitute themselves the sovereign power of the state, was the riot which took place in Paris on the 12th of July, when the news arrived that the King had dismissed Necker, the popular Minister of Finance. This tumult continued for three days, on the last of which, the famous Fourteenth, the insurgents having found themselves arms by pillaging the stores in the Hotel des Invalides, attacked and demolished the Bastille, and by a variety of other excesses, gave terrible demonstration both of their temper and their power.

II.

The Revolution Begun.

THE Revolution had now fairly begun. From this time there were two energies at work in the destruction of the ancient government, and both, though often opposing each other, co-operating in carrying forward the terrible work.

The effect of this popular commotion was to terrify the King into the recall of Necker. The National Assembly then proceeded with their reforms. Their next most celebrated sitting was that during the night of the 4th of August, in which one member after another of the nobility and clergy hastened to surrender his obnoxious privileges, and the Assembly decreed, by acclamation, the abolition of provincial immunities, of seignorial courts, rights of chase, and all other similar institutions of Feudalism. On the 11th of the

same month, the same power decreed the abolition of tythes.

During the months of August and September the popular agitation had continued, notwithstanding all the efforts of the legislature to preserve order, aided by the recently organized National Guards. The spirit of insubordination and outrage had spread from Paris throughout the greater part of France. The state of the capital was rendered still more alarming by symptoms of a scarcity which had for some time appeared, and were every day becoming stronger. In this exasperated temper of the popular mind, news arrived in Paris on the evening of the 3d of October, of certain extraordinary scenes which had been acted on that and the preceding two days, at Versailles, where a fête, it appeared, had been given by the soldiers of the King's Guard to their officers, at which the royal family having presented themselves, the most violent demonstrations had been offered by the whole company, of their detestation of the new order of things, and their determination to devote

themselves to bring about a counter-revolution. Among many similar extravagances, the white cockade, it was said, had been mounted by these daring revellers, and that of the nation trampled under foot.

Inflamed to the highest pitch of fury by this intelligence, the people of Paris could scarcely be restrained from rushing, *en masse*, on the instant, to the scene of these insulting festivities. During that night, however, and the whole of the next day, the patrols of the National Guards succeeded in preserving tranquillity. But on the morning of the 5th, the outcry—*Bread! Bread! to Versailles! to Versailles!* broke forth again among the rabble of the Faubourg St. Antoine, with tenfold violence, and the desperate multitude could no longer be kept from the execution of their purpose. A tumultuous throng, which is said to have swelled at last to thirty thousand persons, a great part of whom were women of the lowest description, set out for Versailles, followed by a detachment of the National Guards, under the command

of their general, the patriotic La Fayette, who, after having exhausted all his eloquence in vain to dissuade them from their design, deemed it best to accompany their movement.

He had, however, succeeded in detaining them so long, that, although they had begun to congregate at six o'clock in the morning, it was nearly seven in the evening when they commenced their march. It is not our purpose to narrate the successive scenes of riot, outrage, and bloodshed which now took place around the hall of the Assembly and the royal residence. It was not long before active hostilities commenced between the mob and the military who guarded the palace. At last, at an early hour in the morning, the exertions of La Fayette succeeded in restoring tranquility, and the royal family retired to sleep. But by six o'clock the confusion was again worse than ever, and the lives of the King and Queen were sought by infuriated crowds, armed with pikes, who penetrated even to the door of the Queen's bedchamber, and were only prevented from enter-

ing by learning that their intended victim had, a few moments before, fled to another part of the palace in her night-clothes. It has generally been asserted that the assassins actually rushed up to the bed from which her Majesty had just risen, and in the rage of their disappointment, thrust their weapons with repeated strokes through the bed-clothes. Madame Campan's account, however, of these transactions, corresponds with the statement above. In either case the mob was moved by such excited and malignant passions, that they would stop at no outrage, however horrible.

By the exertions of La Fayette again, something like a calm was once more produced, and the populace consented to return to Paris, on condition of being accompanied by their Majesties. The King, the Queen, the king's sister, Madame Elizabeth, the Dauphin, the deputies, Barnave and Pétion, were then all put into the same carriage, which immediately took the road to the capital, surrounded on all sides by the immense multitude, who now, however, made the air resound with

shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" It was one o'clock in the afternoon when the royal family left Versailles, but with this incumbering attendance, they did not reach the barriers of Paris till six in the evening. They were conducted first to the Hotel de Ville, where the King was addressed by Bailly, now Mayor of Paris, who informed him that the citizens hoped he would, in future, make the town his usual residence. After the ceremonial of this reception, he was allowed to proceed, with his family, to the Tuileries. On the nineteenth of October, the National Assembly followed his Majesty to Paris.

This second great victory of the populace, however, like their former on the fourteenth of July, was prevented from being followed by the full accomplishment of its natural consequences,—the subjection of all the constituted authorities of the State. The partial acquiescence and participation of the legislative body itself in the changes thus forcibly brought about in the views of those by whom they had been effected, neutralized, for a

time, the effects of such a violent shock to the course of all order and government. A vast majority of the National Assembly had certainly rejoiced, for instance, in the destruction of the Bastille. Many deputies also looked with complacency on that prostration of the royal authority which the energy of the mob had now achieved. The two parties, therefore, were as yet, to a considerable extent, fellow-workers together in the same cause, or at least, though divided as to the means, they were united as to the object. This common end, accordingly, they pursued for a considerable time longer, each in its own way, without much interfering with the other. On the second of November, the Assembly declared the possessions of the Church to be the property of the nation, and on the nineteenth of the following month they decreed their confiscation. On the 13th of February, 1790, they proclaimed the abolition of religious orders and monastic vows. On the twenty-second of May, they determined that the right of declaring peace or war should

belong, henceforth, to the legislative body,—the King retaining only that of initiating, or introducing the question. On the nineteenth of June they decreed the suppression of hereditary nobility, coats-of-arms, and all distinctions of rank. Most of these innovations had been discussed and resolved upon in the popular clubs, which, having their central meetings in Paris, had by this time spread their ramifications over all France.

Of these associations the most influential, both at this period and for a long time afterwards, was that of the Jacobins—so called from its place of meeting, the Convent of the Jacobins, in the Rue St. Honoré. This Club had been originally established at Versailles, while the National Assembly sat there, by a few of the members of that body. But after it was transferred, together with the Legislature, to Paris, it very soon began to open its doors to persons of much more violent politics than those of which it had at first consisted. It became, in fact, the nightly rendezvous of many of the most turbulent spirits of the capi

tal, who gradually obtained such a sway over its deliberations, that it was abandoned by most of its original members. The people, however, as we have said, continued to act upon the legislature through this, and similar societies, with an immense and daily-increasing influence. But they did not long confine themselves merely to this manner of demonstrating their strength. On the 18th of April, 1791, the King and the rest of the royal family had made preparations to leave the Tuileries for the palace of St. Cloud. But before they had entered the carriage, the tocsin had been sounded from the neighboring Church of St. Roch, and a mob had collected in the Place du Carrousel, who continued to vociferate with a determined accent, that the King should not leave the capital. His Majesty's object in going to St. Cloud, they said, was only that he might have a better opportuuity to make his escape from France.

It was in vain that La Fayette and Bailly used every effort to induce them to give way, and even the National Guards refused to obey the orders of

their commander to disperse the people. The consequence was, that the royal family were forced to give up their design, and return to their apartments. It was upon this occasion that La Fayette, indignant at the treatment he had received, threw up his command, which he was only prevailed upon to take back some days afterwards on the earnest solicitations of the municipality, and the solemn promise of the troops themselves that they would in future yield him implicit obedience. As for the King, whatever his intentions might have been, up to this time, he now certainly cherished the wish—natural to the prisoner—to escape. No favorable opportunity for carrying his purpose into effect presented itself for some weeks. But on the night of the twentieth of June, he and the Queen, accompanied by the Dauphin and the Princess Elizabeth, secretly left the Tuileries. They succeeded in getting out of the city, and took the road towards Montmédy, with the intention of afterwards throwing themselves into the strongly-fortified town of Luxem-

bourg, on the frontiers of the Low Countries, which was then in possession of the Emperor of Austria. But they were retaken on the third day of their flight, at the town of Varennes, in the province of Lorraine, when more than two-thirds of their journey had been accomplished, and were brought back to Paris. They arrived at the Tuileries on the evening of the twenty-fifth, and next morning the Assembly declared the authority of the King suspended, and his person under arrest.

Before this time, however, serious divisions had taken place in the ranks even of the original friends of the Revolution. Mounier and Lally-Tolendal, the heads of what was considered the party of Necker in the legislative body, had quitted the Assembly immediately after the events of the fifth and sixth of October. The differences, too, between the Constitutionalists, as they were called, of whom La Fayette and Bailly were the leaders, and the more violent parties who domineered in the clubs, and who were understood to

have been already the instigators of several of the popular tumults that had already taken place—had long been widening, and now amounted to almost avowed hostility.

On the seventeenth of July the mob assembled in formidable numbers in the Champ de Mars to sign a petition to the Assembly for the dethronement of the King. As the day advanced, their conduct became so outrageous that it was deemed necessary to proclaim martial law, and to disperse them by the fire of the National Guards.

The instigators of this commotion were Danton, Brissot, and Camille Desmoulins, then considered among the chiefs of the party called the Girondists. This faction consisted originally of deputies from La Gironde, whose object was to establish a republic, and who continued for some time after this, to fight their battles through the instrumentality of the mob, of whom, however, they eventually became the victims, when they had been supplanted by still more violent leaders. There were many men of great talents and pure

patriotism among the Girondists. But the whole history of their career sufficiently proves how ill fitted they were to direct the storm which they showed themselves so little scrupulous in raising. At this period they formed only a minority in the National Assembly; but that body closed its sittings on the thirtieth of September. On the first of October the Legislative Assembly opened, from which, by a law that had been passed some time before, all who had been members of the former legislature were excluded. To this new convocation the people had returned their recent patrons, the zealots of republicanism, in great numbers.

The National Assembly, immediately before their separation, had drawn up a constitution in regular form, embodying the different innovations which they had introduced, and upon the King having signified his acceptance of this fundamental act, he had been restored to the exercise of his authority. From the temper of the new Legislature, however, he was very soon compelled to commit

the direction of affairs to a Jacobin, or Girondist, ministry.

At this time, in the spring of 1792, numerous troops of emigrants under command of the Count d'Artois, and other distinguished heads of the royalist party, who had left France immediately after the popular insurrection of July, 1789, were in arms in different parts of the frontiers. The troops of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia were ready to act in concert with them, in conformity with the menace of the famous declaration of Pilnitz, of the preceding summer, and Sweden and other foreign powers had joined the coalition. To add to the formidable nature of this threatened attack, France was suffering at home under the accumulated evils of scarcity, exhausted finances, and rapidly-augmented civil distractions.

Yet, thus beset, the government assumed an attitude worthy of a great people determined to be free, and on the twentieth of April declared war against Austria. After this bold step, the Giron-

dists returned with renewed ardor, to pursue their purpose of bringing about a second revolution, and of changing the monarchy into a republic. The Ministry which had been formed from their body, having been dismissed by the King on the thirteenth of June, after he had refused his assent to several bills which they had carried through the Assembly, they immediately resorted to their old instrument, the mob of the faubourgs, whom they excited to make a violent attack upon the Tuileries on the twentieth, in the course of which the lives of the royal family were exposed to the most imminent danger. Another riotous assault, of a still more violent description, was made on the royal residence on the tenth of August, from which the King, with his family, was obliged to take refuge in the Legislative Assembly. The Assembly immediately passed a decree suspending him from his functions, and three days afterwards he was conducted, with the Queen, his son, and the Princess Elizabeth, to the prison of the Temple, from which he was destined to

be led forth only to trial, condemnation, and the scaffold.

From this period the career of the Revolution was, for a long time, one of headlong violence. Each faction that obtained possession of the supreme authority was, in its turn, supplanted by another still more furious and blood-thirsty than itself. On the 2d of September the mob again rose, and commenced a massacre of the inmates of all the prisons of Paris, which lasted for three days. On this occasion their instigators were the members of the Commune, a self-elected body, that had recently assumed the government of the city Danton, and some others, who formerly adhered to the party of the Girondists, had become members of the Commune, and were the chief projectors of the massacre. The Girondists, or at least the more moderate of them, were now at the head of affairs, and no longer required the aid of their ancient auxiliaries.

On the 21st of this month, the Legislative Assembly gave place to the Convention in which

Danton, Robespierre, Marat, and others of the worst of the popular agitators, had seats. But the Girondists still continued for some time to bear up against their more violent antagonists. As the party of the Constitutionalists, however, had been by this time completely overthrown, there was no difficulty in obtaining an unanimous vote for the abolition of royalty; and a decree to that effect was carried at the first sitting, by acclamation. On the 19th of November the Convention proclaimed fraternity and aid to all other nations who might wish to rise against their governments. On the 17th of January, 1793, they condemned the King to death, and on the 21st he was executed. This vote was obtained in opposition to the strenuous efforts of the Girondists, who, although they had eagerly sought to dethrone Louis, did not wish to take his life. It proved that their opponents, now commonly called the Mountain, from the high place of the hall in which they sat, had by this time attained the superiority in point of numbers and influence in the legislature. It was some time

after this first defeat, however, before the power of the Girondists was entirely overthrown.

On the 1st of February the Convention declared war against England. About the end of March commenced the formidable insurrection in favor of the old government, in La Vendée, a district on the western coast, immediately to the south of the Loire. About this time, also, were established the two famous Committees of General Security, and of Public Safety, the seats in which were very soon monopolized by the most violent members of the Convention. These tribunals long exercised a sanguinary dictatorship over France, before which even the Convention itself trembled. Meanwhile the contest between the Girondists and the party of the Mountain in that Assembly still proceeded with increased violence and varying success. But the failure of the former in their attempt to carry the condemnation of the atrocious Marat, finally threw the victory into the hands of their opponents, the Montagnards, and on the 2d of June, after a week of popular outrage, of the most terri-

ble description, during which the Convention was kept in a state of siege by the mobs of the Communes and the Committees,—so that even Danton and his friends at last trembled with terror before the storm they had themselves assisted in raising, a sweeping decree of proscription was passed against more than thirty of the principal Girondist deputies, and that party in the legislature was extinguished. This event made Robespierre the master of France. Marat, who might otherwise perhaps, have contended with him for the tyranny, was shortly afterwards assassinated by the heroic Charlotte Corday.

The year that followed is usually called the *Reign of Terror*. On the 24th of June the Convention proclaimed a new Constitution, which, however, they formally declared suspended about two months afterwards. But the party which had now obtained the ascendency was in reality that of the lowest multitude. Even Robespierre, all-powerful dictator as he was, was merely the instrument whom they had set up to destroy all but them-

selves. At the outcry, therefore, of these the true rulers of France, and to promote their momentary interests, the Convention on the 29th of September passed a law, imposing a maximum price upon all commodities. This was the last and most ruinous excess of mob legislation, which produced universal stagnation of business and consequent scarcity.

On the 6th of October they decreed the introduction of a new era, to commence from the 22d of September, 1792, the first day of the Republic, and also of a new calendar, according to which the year was to be reckoned as beginning on that day, which happened to be the autumnal equinox, and the twelve months into which it was divided received names descriptive of the natural character of each. The names were, for Autumn, (October,) *Vendémiaire*, which is the grape harvest; (November,) *Brumaire*, cloudy, misty sky; (December,) *Frimaire*, the month of hail and snow. For Winter, (January,) *Nivose*, the snowy month; (February,) *Pluviose*, the rainy month; (March,) *Ventose*,

month of wind and tempest. For Spring, (April,) *Germinal*, the season in which the seeds begin to grow; (May,) *Floréal*, the month in which vegetation flourishes; (June,) *Prairial*, when the meadows are mowed. Lastly, for summer, (July,) *Messidor*, the month of harvest; (August,) *Thermidor*, which warms the furrows, and (September,) *Fructidor*, in which the fruits are ripened. The old arrangement, also, of the division of days into weeks was abandoned, and a decade of days substituted for the Sabbatical division. The names of the days were derived from the Latin. They were *primidi*, *duodi*, *tridi*, *quartidi*, *quintidi*, *sextidi*, *septidi*, *octidi*, *nonidi*, and *decadi*.

The French Republic, proud of the new era which it inaugurated for the world, desired to become one of the dates of history among mankind. But the innovation was not adopted anywhere but in France. There it was persisted in till the beginning of the year 1806, when they again recurred to the old method of reckoning time in use throughout the rest of Christendom.

III.

The Republic.

EXECUTIONS and all kinds and degrees of atrocity and outrage were now perpetrated, in the name of the republic. The town of Lyons, where, as in many other parts of France, an insurrection had broken out, was given up for punishment to a troop of commissioned destroyers, by whom the finest part of it was levelled to the ground, and the inhabitants butchered by hundreds. In this last respect it was the same in Paris. People were dragged to be guillotined by several scores at a time, and the scaffold remained constantly wet with blood. On the sixteenth of October the Queen of Louis XVI., the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette, was beheaded. On the twenty-first, Brissot and twenty more of the Girondist deputies underwent the same fate. The execution

of the Duke of Orleans, the celebrated *Egalité*, took place on the sixth of November. On the tenth of the same month, the Convention declared the abolition of Christianity, in place of which they established what they called the worship of Reason.

Meanwhile, in the midst of these frenzied proceedings, the excited energies of the country continued both to struggle successfully with the internal opponents of the government, and to beat back the foreign armies that threatened its independence. Toulon, which some time before had been taken by the English — was recovered, and the troops of the emigrants and their allies were defeated at various places. Thus triumphant over his enemies at home and abroad, Robespierre —it might be thought—had founded and consolidated his despotism in a manner which would have secured its stability. But the earthquake was already gathering its strength which was to overthrow him. By the beginning of the year 1794, a party—professing still more ferocious and

ultra-democratic opinions than his own — the Hébertists, as they were called, from one of their most active leaders—had obtained the ascendency in the Commune, and in the club of the Cordeliers, and were already openly assailing the popularity, and through that the power of the existing dictator.

For a considerable time Robespierre bore up with intrepidity and effect against his antagonists, and even succeeded in obtaining the condemnation of eighteen of their chiefs, including Hébert himself, who were all executed in one day. On the fifth of April, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and about twenty more of their adherents, were brought to the scaffold. In this manner Robespierre endeavored to rid himself both of the moderate and the more violent factions by which he was threatened;—of those who sought to pull him down from his supremacy for having made too large a use of proscription and the guillotine, as well as those who complained that he had not shed enough of blood. As the latter party, however,

from the course which the Revolution had hitherto run, seemed the most dangerous, as being the most likely to gather strength, he probably considered that it would be well to arm himself with some additional protection against its assaults from an opposite quarter. He therefore induced the Convention on the seventh of May, to proclaim the restoration, as part of the national creed, of the two doctrines of the existence of a Supreme Being, and the Immortality of the Soul, which had been declared to be antiquated falsehoods a short time before the worship of Reason was established. He probably thought by this measure to array on his side all those who shrunk from the absolute Atheism of those who constituted the extreme of the revolutionary party. At the same time, to convince his friends among the rabble that no relaxation was intended in any other part of his system, he took care that blood should continue to flow on the scaffold more plentifully than ever.

Among other victims who perished about this time, was the sister of Louis XVI., the Princess

Elizabeth, who was executed on the twelfth of May. But all his management and determination combined became insufficient at last to preserve this enormous tyrant from destruction. Perceiving his power to be evidently tottering, the more moderate party of the Convention, whom he had kept in awe so long as the undivided rabble were at his devotion, determined, now that an opposition had raised itself against him in that quarter, to lend their best exertions to aid his downfall, in the hope of being able to seize the opportunity thereby afforded of establishing something like a regular government on the ruins, or the alternate anarchy and despotism that had so long desolated the country. The attempt was a somewhat hazardous one. Its result might have been the substitution, at least for a time, of even a more wild and devastating tyranny than that of Robespierre. But partly by a concurrence of favorable circumstances, and partly by the able dispositions of Barras, who on that eventful day commanded the military attached to the Convention, on the 27th

of July—the famous 9th Thermidor—the hopes of Robespierre and his rivals of the Commune were extinguished together, and the National Legislature was once more reinstated in liberty and supremacy. This memorable catastrophe terminated in the consignment to the scaffold of Robespierre and ninety-one of his principal partisans.

Here ended the outward advance of the revolutionary wave. In the events that follow we distinctly perceive its recoil. This reaction must have taken place at some point, and whatever had been the event of the 9th Thermidor, could not, probably, have been much longer prevented. It was impossible that there should have followed many factions after that of Robespierre, each exceeding its predecessor in violence. Once begun, too, the continuance of the reflux for some time was inevitable. All the tendencies of society in that direction were now awakened and called into action, while those of an opposite character, having been so long on the stretch, were exhausted, and

overdone as they were, left capable only of offering, every day, a feebler resistance to the progress of the new events.

The first thing which the liberated Convention proceeded to do was to restrain within certain defined bounds, the power of those terrible tribunals, the Committees of Public Safety and of General Security. This accomplished, the Legislature, skillfully availing itself of the vantage ground on which it stood, of the aid of the troops who had committed themselves to its cause by their conduct on the 27th of July, and of the general longing of the country for a government of law and order, next dissolved the band of miscreants who called themselves the Communes of Paris, and took into its own hands the functions of the municipality of the city. Subsequent decrees began the work of reducing the clubs to subordination. On the 9th of December seventy-three deputies who had fled from the Convention on the proscription of the Girondist chiefs, eighteen months before, returned to their seats. On this accession of strength, the

friends of moderation and legitimate government who may be described as now consisting of a powerful combination of Girondists, Constitutionalists, and men of all degrees of opinion which had held the ascendency previous to the rise of Robespierre, proceeded to the adoption of still bolder measures, and not satisfied with redressing the evils under which the State groaned, resolved also to set about the punishment of their authors. Many deputies of the democratic party, accordingly, were arrested, tried, and condemned to death. On the 24th of December, also, the absurd law of maximum was suppressed, after it had been in force for more than a year, and produced the most disastrous consequences to every branch of the national industry.

These different acts of reparation, however, could not of course be effected without encountering opposition from those who conceived themselves to be interested in the continuance of the Reign of Terror. The rabble, accordingly, with the remaining chiefs of the defeated party for their

leaders, at last roused themselves once more into activity, and rose against the Convention in successive revolts. On the 1st of April and the 20th of May in particular, the days, as they were called, of the 12th Germinal, and the 1st Prairial, numerous mobs from the Faubourgs attacked the hall of the legislative body, and almost succeeded in making themselves masters of the State. They were, however, on both occasions, at length driven back by the combined efforts of the armed forces of the Sections, which, since the day of the 9th Thermidor, had supported the Convention, and of what were called Fréron's *Jeunesse Dorée*, a militia of young volunteers, chiefly from the higher and middle classes, whom that deputy had organized, and whose uniting principle was that of hostility to the further progress of the Revolution.

These repeated collisions, meanwhile, were followed by their natural consequence, the separation, to a still wider distance from each other, of the two contending parties. In fact, for some time the reaction began to assume an absolutely anti-revolu-

tionary tendency, so much so that, inspired with new hopes, by the new aspect of affairs, the priests and other emigrants returned to France in great numbers. Some of the journals even ventured to advocate royalist opinions, and to oppose the Convention as still animated by too democratic a spirit.

In these circumstances the course of the Legislature was one of peculiar difficulty, obliged as it was, if it meant to save the State from anarchy on the one hand, and slavery on the other, to maintain, at the same time, a firm resistance to two contrary influences, both of great, though, for the moment, of unequal force. They proceeded, with all expedition, to give the country a new Constitution. This, known by the name of the Constitution of the year III., was promulgated about the end of June. According to this arrangement, the legislative power of the State was committed to two representative bodies, the Council of Five Hundred and the Council of Ancients, consisting of half that number of members, while a committee, or Direct-

ory of Five was appointed to wield the executive authority.

On being submitted to the people for their acceptance, this Constitution encountered a formidable opposition from the royalists, who especially exerted themselves to prevent the popular ratification of two appended decrees, by which the Convention had reserved to itself the right of nominating two-thirds of the members of the new Legislature from its own body. But by having recourse again to the military talents of Barras, the Convention on the 5th of October, the 13th Vendemaire, obtained a complete triumph over its opponents, and the new Constitution was established. It was on this occasion that Bonaparte first appeared in the drama of the Revolution, having been appointed second in command to Barras, at that officer's own request, who had been struck with the distinguished military talent he displayed at the recent siege of Toulon.

Having achieved this victory, the Convention closed its sittings on the 26th of October,

after having existed more than three years. Among its last decrees were two especially honorable to itself, and indicative of the improved condition of the times; — the first for the establishment of a National Institute, in place of the former scientific and literary academies, and the second for the general pardon and oblivion of all past political delinquencies.

Two days after the close of the Convention, the new legislative councils held their first sitting. The contest between the different parties which divided the State continued for a considerable time after this period, and the government of the Directory, just as that of the Convention had been, was assailed by the hostility both of the royalists and of the violent republicans. The finances of the country, also, were in the most deplorable state of exhaustion. Although the brilliant military successes of the preceding year had conquered for France advantageous treaties of peace with some of her enemies, a new alliance had just been formed between England, Austria,

and Russia, by which powers the war had already been renewed, after the most formidable preparations. Such was the complication of difficulties with which the new government had to struggle at entering on its career — domestic discord — foreign war—and a bankruptcy of resources. In a short time, however, by the strenuous exertions of the persons charged with the task of calling again into activity the different energies of the State, everything began to assume a new aspect. But we cannot here attempt any detail either of the financial operations of the Directory, or of the succession of victories abroad, which, during the campaigns of 1796 and the following years, continued to crown the republican arms. The star of Napoleon's fortunes had now fully risen, and was destined to shine, for many years, with undiminished lustre. All we have now to do to complete our sketch of the Revolution, is to note the epochs of those few remaining changes which took place, after this time, in the domestic government of France, and then to recall more particular atten

tion to a few of the most startling tragic events of the great drama.

The people were now so exhausted that it was no longer easy to collect even a mob from the faubourgs of the capital. After this, accordingly, the parties who aspired to the supreme power, were obliged to employ secret conspiracies instead of insurrections and popular tumults. Of these conspiracies several were formed in the early days of the Directory both by the Democrats and the Royalists. But they were all detected before they produced any decided effects, In May, 1797, according to a provision in the new constitution, a third part of the members of the Legislature retired, and such was the temper of the country at this time, that their places were filled in general with persons of anti-revolutionary politics. This led to a series of contests between the legislative councils and the majority of the Directory, which were protracted till the 4th of September, (the 18th Fructidor,) when the latter, by an act of military violence, contrived to overwhelm their

opponents, and once more to secure to their own party undisputed supremacy in the State. On this occasion sixty-five of the obnoxious deputies, together with Carnot and Barthélemy, who formed the minority in the Directory, were expelled from France.

The renovation of another third of the deputies in the following May, owing to the exertions which had been made by that party since the late discomfiture of their antagonists, would have introduced into the Legislature a large accession of Jacobinical members. But this would not have suited the views of the Directory, and they annulled the elections. Next year, however, (May, 1799,) the returns were of the same complexion, and the executive found it now expedient to yield. The consequence was, that Jacobinism again assumed the ascendant, and threatened to renew the horrors of its former domination. But the people were now tired of convulsions. Their interest in politics, even, was almost extinguished. It was impossible, therefore, to make them again the in-

struments of any class of politicians, as they were in the early days of the Revolution.

In the course of a few weeks, however, the Jacobins effected the introduction of two of their own number into the Directory, which gave them the majority of voices there. Soon after this, the Jacobin Club, which had been shut up by the government after the fall of Robespierre, was re-established. While this, however, and many other signs seemed to portend a new impulse of the Revolution towards confusion and anarchy, the sudden arrival of Bonaparte from Egypt quickly led to the well-known event of the 18th Brumaire, (the 9th of November,) when that victorious soldier, placing himself at the head of their own guard, dictated his commands to the assembled Legislature, and having ordered them to transfer their sittings to St. Cloud, next day entered their place of meeting in the palace there, and made his grenadiers disperse them at the point of the bayonet.

The hero of the Revolution now was Napoleon

Bonaparte. That great movement from having been originally popular, had now become military, —having been national, was now subservient to the will of an individual. This, indeed, was a result towards which events had been for some time tending, and now that it was realized, the Revolution may be said to have been completed Monarchy—the unlimited sway of one man—was in fact restored. A single hand now controlled that mighty tide of change which had been set in motion, and so long impelled, by the strength of a whole people.

The first constitution established by Bonaparte, in room of that which he had destroyed, was one at the head of which he placed himself, and his fellow-conspirators, Siéyes and Roger Ducos, the minority of the late Directory; while two small Chambers, composed each of only twenty-five members, presented to the nation the ghost of a legislature. In the course of a few weeks, Siéyes and Ducos resigned their places in the triumvirate, to make room for Cambacérès and

Lebrun, and Bonaparte now assumed the distinctive title of First Consul. The members of the legislative chamber were increased to three hundred, the election of all of whom was vested in a Senate, the members of which had been previously named by the Consuls.

IV.

The Attempted Escape of the Royal Family.

ON the 18th of April, in the year 1791, the first direct demonstration was given to the King that he was a prisoner in the Tuileries. The royal family, intending to go to St. Cloud, had already entered the carriage for that purpose, when the people prevented their departure, and compelled them to return to the palace. The mob on this occasion assembled in the Place du Carrousel, where the royal carriage was also drawn up. This commotion has been attributed, by some writers, to the intrigues of the Court itself. The King, it is alleged, wished to make it seem that he was deprived of his liberty, in order that he might disgust moderate men with the Revolution, and justify in their eyes the step he had already resolved to take, of flying from the kingdom. It is prob-

able enough, indeed, that Louis and his family were not very sorry, after the affair turned out as it did, to have this convincing proof to appeal to of the durance in which they were held. But it seems quite unnecessary to suppose that they actually for this purpose got up a scene so perfectly in keeping with the other events of the time, and therefore so likely to occur without any interference of their own.

However, on the night of the 20th of June following, the King and his family set out on their ill-managed and unfortunate attempt to escape from the kingdom. Preparations for this flight had been for some time making. The person with whom the necessary arrangements were concerted for facilitating the departure of the fugitives, and protecting them from interruption on their route, was the Marquis de Bouillé, then military commandant of the several departments comprising the whole territory from the immediate neighborhood of Paris to the frontiers of the Low Countries.

It was absolutely necessary, of course, for M. de Bouillé's guidance, that the particular day on which the royal family were to set out on their journey, should be fixed and made known to him. But notwithstanding his earnest representations upon this point, he could not for a long time get the King to come to any decision upon this subject. First the 12th of June was proposed, then the 17th, and subsequently the 19th of the same month. The King wrote to him that on this last-mentioned day he hoped to be ready to take his departure. But in the letter conveying this intimation, the writer forgot to prefix to his ciphers, the mark indicating where their key was to be found, and it cost M. de Bouillé several hours labor before he discovered the secret of their interpretation. He immediately sent off the Duke de Choiseul to the King, to say that everything would be ready by the 19th, and that in case of any absolutely insurmountable impediment arising, the attempt might still succeed although deferred till the 20th, but that after that day no chance would remain.

Although the King received this message, he eventually determined not to leave the Tuileries till the 20th, and it required the earnest exertions of the Duke de Choiseul to get everything in readiness for the commencement of the journey even then. At last it was arranged that the attempt should be made at twelve o'clock on the night of the 20th, literally the very last minute allowed by Bouillé.

On that evening, accordingly, the different members of the family retired to bed at the usual hour. After some time the King rose and proceeded to the Queen's apartment, where he was soon joined by his children, and his sister, Madame Elizabeth. One of the persons privy to the plan was M. de Simolin, the Russian ambassador, who had previously procured the necessary passport from the Minister of War, under pretence that it was for a Russian Baroness de Korff, with her two children, attended by a female servant, a valet de chambre, and three footmen. The party, therefore, now attired themselves in dresses suitable to the char

acter they were to sustain. The King, who was to pass as the valet, put on a brown frock coat and a wig. The Queen, and Madame Elizabeth, both wearing large hats to conceal their features as much as possible, personated the Baroness and her maid, and the children were represented by the Dauphin and his sister, the former being dressed as a girl. It had also been resolved that Madame de Tourzel, the governess of the children, should accompany them, so that the party, not including attendants, was to consist of six persons. It had been necessary, therefore, to order a carriage to be built considerably larger than the usual size, to contain so many persons. This carriage, which had been kept concealed for some time, was now waiting outside the city walls, immediately beyond the Barrière St. Martin.

To escape from the Tuileries without observation, even at that late hour of the night, required the greatest precaution. But there was a small chamber near the royal apartments, which used to be occupied by one of the female servants, and

from which there was a communication to another room on the ground floor, having a private door opening upon one of the courts. The Queen had taken possession of this chamber, having removed the servant to another part of the palace. She had also obtained the key of the apartment below. Here, therefore, was a way of exit which saved the risk of making the attempt by any of the principal doors. Availing themselves, accordingly, of this outlet, Madame de Tourzel and the two children first made their escape. They were followed by Madame Elizabeth, who was accompanied by a friend as a conductor, and then the King, having also a guide with him, left the palace. All these parties made their way without difficulty to where a vehicle was waiting for them to convey them to the place where their travelling coach was stationed.

The distance they had to walk was at most but a few hundred yards, yet the Queen, who was the last to leave the Tuileries, was so unfortunate as to lose her way entirely in attempting to reach the rendezvous, although she was accompanied by

a person who attempted to act as her guide. The first objects she saw on entering the Place du Carrousel, was the carriage of La Fayette, who had command of the National guard, stationed round the palace. The night was very dark, but the attendants of the General carried torches, the light of which the Queen—disguised as she was—naturally wished to avoid, and she therefore walked aside till the carriage had passed. This rencontre, however, or the movement she had made to escape from it, seems to have confused both herself and her conductor. Instead of turning to the left, they took the opposite direction, and actually crossing the river by the Pont Royal, they wandered for a long time, bewildered among the quays and streets. At last they ventured to ask a sentinel to tell them the way. Having, by his direction, re-crossed the river, they soon found themselves once more in the court of the Tuileries, and from thence they found their way, without further accident, to the place where the carriage was waiting. The fugitives, however, had in this

way already lost a full hour of time, when every moment was precious.

But this was not the only misfortune of the same kind which attended the commencement of their journey. When they were all assembled, and seated in the coach, the Count de Fersen mounted the box to drive. He was unacquainted with the route leading to the Barrière St. Martin, and took the opposite course, and by a circuitous way, at length, with considerable loss of time, reached the place where their travelling-carriage stood ready for them. On entering this vehicle they overturned the other in a ditch, and left it there.

It is not necessary to pursue, except very cursorily, the remainder of the story of this unfortunate journey of the royal fugitives. At the village of Bondy, about three leagues from Paris, they were joined by a coach containing two other ladies who had belonged to the Court, and the two carriages thenceforward proceeded in company. This augmented attendance, while it added to the ordinary chances of delay, was well calculated, in

conjunction with the unusual appearance of the vehicle in which the King rode, to attract general attention to the disguised travellers, and thereby greatly to increase the risk of their persons being discovered. Both at Claye and afterwards at Châlons, some time was lost in repairing the carriages. At Châlons, the only large town through which they had to pass, a few idlers gathered round the carriage while the horses were changed, and the King somewhat imprudently put his head out of the window. He was recognized by the post-master, who felt that his Sovereign's life was in his hands, and without manifesting the least surprise, he helped to put to the horses, and ordered the postilions to drive on. When the carriage passed the gates of that town, the royal party exclaimed with one voice, "We are saved."

About half-past six o'clock in the evening the party arrived at Pont Sommerville, where they expected to meet the first detachment of military sent forward for their protection by the Marquis de Bouillé. But the Duke of Choiseul, to whom

the command of the detachment had been given, after waiting beyond the latest hour he conceived it possible the arrival was to be looked for, had been obliged to retire from his post. This he seems to have done about an hour before, so that if it had not been for the mistakes and delays in the beginning of the journey, the royal party would have been in time for this escort.

As matters had turned out, there was too much reason to fear that all the arrangements that had been made for the remainder of the journey would be disconcerted and rendered unavailable. It was possible that the same necessity which appeared to have prevented this first detachment from remaining at its station, would also withdraw the others from the several points at which they were to have been placed, before the arrival of the King. And so, in some sort, it happened. When the travellers reached the town of St. Menehould at half-past eight, the second guard which had been stationed at this place, although they had not left the town, had dismounted and dispersed them-

selves. They had done this to avoid the observation of the inhabitants, whose suspicions had begun to be excited by the length of time during which the troops had remained waiting, as they asserted, for the arrival of a quantity of treasure belonging to the government, which still had not made its appearance. But the consequence was that, on the royal carriages reaching the town, none of the expected preparations appeared to have been made. The King, therefore, was in the greatest perplexity, and in his agitation, and in the absence of any other person to take the direction of affairs, he was obliged to expose himself so much that he excited both the notice and the suspicions of the bystanders. It may be supposed that he did not sustain his new character of valet very naturally in all respects. Drouet, the postmaster, in particular, felt almost convinced that he was in reality the King, especially after comparing his face with the engraving on an assignat which he happened to have in his possession. He, however, did not attempt to detain the carriage, which,

after a short delay, proceeded on the road towards Clermont. But as soon as it had departed, he sent his son forward to Varennes, to communicate what he suspected to the magistrates of that town. By this time the report that the King was in the carriage had spread itself generally among the inhabitants of St. Menehould, and the tocsin having sounded, and the drum beat to arms, the National Guard had assembled, and would not permit the departure of M. de Bouillé's dragoons, who otherwise would have followed the royal party.

V.

The Capture and the Return.

THE fugitives had left Clermont before Drouet arrived. Here also the commander of the detachment sent for their protection had been obliged, after remaining at his post as long as possible, to dismiss his men to their barracks before the King made his appearance.

From Clermont they proceeded to Varennes, which they reached at half-past eleven at night. A stream passes through this little town, separating it into two parts, the upper and lower town. A relay of horses had been stationed in the lower town, but the royal party had not been informed of it, and they stopped at the entrance of the upper town. The King had been surprised and greatly alarmed at not finding that arrangements had been made for continuing the journey. The peril of

pursuit was becoming, of course, greater with every moment of delay. He and the Queen descended from the carriage and wandered about the deserted streets for some time, inquiring at every house where lights were seen, but seeking in vain for horses to carry them on. Meanwhile the postilions, wearied with the rapid journey, and impatient for rest, threatened to leave them in the street. By means of large rewards and promises they however persuaded them to continue the journey. They were again on their way, and the royal party consoled themselves with thinking that this was only a misunderstanding, and that they would soon reach the camp of M. de Bouillé, where they would find safety. They traversed the upper town without difficulty, all was tranquil and quiet. Those who were watching them were silent and concealed.

Between the upper and lower town a bridge spans the stream, which is reached through a massive and gloomy arch, surmounted by a feudal tower which had braved the storms of many years

As the carriages were passing through this arched way towards the bridge, they were stopped by a barricade which had been constructed for the purpose, and the horses' heads were seized by armed men, who demanded the passports of the travellers. They were, therefore, obliged to return to the house of the mayor of the town, where they alighted. At the same time the bells were rung, the inhabitants aroused, and the National Guards of the town and the neighboring villages gathered together around the house of the Mayor. Anything like forcible resistance, of course, was utterly unavailing, with such disparity of numbers. It was alike in vain that the King denied his rank, and protested against the detention. His features and those of the Queen betrayed them, and he was at last obliged to acknowledge himself. He then appealed to them by every consideration which he could plead, for his release. He told them that they held in their hands the destiny of himself, the Queen, their innocent children, and of Madame Elizabeth. Their lives even—the fate of the king-

dom—the safety of the Constitution—all that was dear to him, as husband, father, brother, and King —all that was dear to them as Frenchmen, depended upon their decision. He declared that it was not his purpose to leave France, but that he was only going to place himself in the hands of his friendly subjects, where, surrounded by a part of the army, he could make terms with the revolutionary faction, and secure the Constitution and the peace of the country. "If you do not suffer me to go on," continued he, "the Constitution, I myself, France, all are lost. I conjure you, as a father, as a husband, as a man, as a citizen, leave the road free to us; in an hour we shall be saved, and with us France is saved. And if you guard in your hearts that fidelity your words profess for him who was your master, I order you as your King."

The crowd of men and women who surrounded him, and heard these earnest entreaties, could not fail to be moved, even to tears. Between their pity for such terrible reverse of fortune, and their

conscience as patriots, they scarcely knew how to resolve and act. The sight of the King, who pressed their hands in his, and of the Queen, so beautiful and majestic in her grief, striving to move them by her entreaties, almost fixed their wavering purposes. Their instincts of humanity would have bid him go in safety, but their conscience of duty, and their fear of consequences, compelled them to detain him.

The Queen seeing then the wife of M. Sausse, the Mayor, approached her with her entreaties, hoping to find pity and compassion in her woman's heart. She showed her the Dauphin and his sister. "You are a mother," said the Queen, "you are a wife; the fate of a wife and mother is in your hands. Think what I must suffer for these children, and for my husband. At one word from you I shall owe them to you. The Queen of France will owe you more than her kingdom—more than her life." But there was no touch of pity in that hard woman's heart. Selfishness was there, but no generosity. She, too, thought of her

husband. She thought of the reward he would gain by sending back the fugitives. She thought of this, and her bosom was guarded with triple mail against all agonies and despair, against all depths of entreaty, all intensity of suffering.

Through all the remainder of that long night, the King went back and forth between the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, who had retired to an upper room, and the people who crowded around the doorway of the mayor. He sought to soothe and console his wife and sister; he still endeavored to gain over the crowd. He hoped, also, that he would be rescued by the forces of M. de Bouillé before the couriers could return from Paris. He believed that his friends were mustering around him, and that as soon as they gathered sufficient numbers, they would release him. And so the night wore on. Hour after hour chimed, and yet there came no rescue. So imperfect and incomplete had been the preparations—partly for the reason that the King had himself thwarted them, by the delay and uncertainty of his flight from

Paris—that it was not until after the King had been sent away towards Paris that M. de Bouillé arrived at Varennes, after a forced march. His forces were too small, and his horses too much fatigued, to continue the pursuit.

The King and the Queen, and the other members of the royal party, would gladly have found a respite from their sufferings in sleep. But their terror and despair were too great. The threatening murmurs of the people, the clamorous voices, the noise of footsteps, the rattling of arms,—a tide of sound which with increasing force came surging up to their ears, through all the night, and into that gray morning,—kept them from rest. So terrible was the suffering of that beautiful Queen between the rage, the fear, the agony and despair which waged conflict in her mind, that in that one night her hair was changed from its natural auburn, and became as white as snow.

At seven o'clock the next morning, the servants of the palace on entering the apartments of the King and Queen at Paris, first discovered their

flight and gave the alarm. During the night before La Fayette had been twice at the Tuileries to assure himself that his orders had been obeyed, and that the guard were at their posts. The fugitives had thus several hours the start of any attempt that could be made to pursue them, even supposing it could be ascertained in what direction they had fled.

All Paris was stirred up in the greatest commotion. The alarm was circulated everywhere. "The King has escaped"—was repeated everywhere. Suspicions of treachery were, at once, aroused. Even La Fayette was suspected of having connived at the flight. It was not easily believed that so large a party could have eluded the vigilance of the guard, and made their way out of Paris, unless they had been assisted by the guard themselves. The doors of the Tuileries were forced open by the populace, who rushed into the royal apartments, and committed all manner of excesses, as if in this way they could avenge themselves for their disappointment. The general sentiment of indignation against the mon

arch displayed itself in the defacement of the royal arms, and other similar emblems, wherever they presented themselves.

The Assembly having met at nine o'clock, the mayor immediately repaired to their hall, to announce in form the departure—or as it was called the carrying off—of the King. The Assembly then passed the necessary decrees for the despatch of couriers after the fugitives, the detention of all persons attempting to leave the kingdom, the maintenance of the executive government during the absence of its head, and whatever other measures were demanded in order to uphold the tranquillity of the city and of the kingdom, and to reassure the public mind.

The first of the messengers sent from Paris reached Varennes on the morning of the 22d, and immediately proceeded to the house at which their Majesties were detained, and delivered to the King the decree of the National Assembly for his arrest. All chance of escape was now over. At eight o'clock, therefore, the royal family quietly

submitted again to take their seats, in order to be driven back to Paris in the same carriage that had conveyed them thus far on their flight from the capital. Returning by Clermont and St. Menehould they arrived, about eleven o'clock at night, at Châlons, where they remained till next morning. Continuing their route on the 23d, they proceeded that day as far as Epernay. Here they were joined by Barnave, Pétion, and De Latour-Maubourg, the commissioners from the National Assembly. The two former of these took their places in the first carriage with their majesties, in order to protect them from the violence of the multitude who thronged the highway, and the latter seated himself with the attendants in the other. "An immense multitude and an army"—said the commissioners, in a letter to the Assembly—"accompanied our progress." They passed the night of the 24th at Dormans, and at seven o'clock on the evening of the following day, the royal carriage, escorted by about ten thousand National Guards, and a mob, whose numbers had been

rapidly increasing all the way from Varennes, entered the garden of the Tuileries.

The news of the King's arrest had been brought to Paris two days before, by a messenger specially despatched for that purpose, by the civic authorities of Varennes. The Assembly had, therefore, nearly three days for the arrangement of the measures to be taken on his arrival. They provided, accordingly, in the first place, as far as they could, for the preservation of order on the entry of the royal family into the capital, and on the morning which followed this event, they passed a decree for virtually suspending the authority of the King, and detaining him, with the Queen and Dauphin, in custody, by appointing a guard to each. This resolution was dictated by quite as much moderation as could have been expected in the circumstances. The royal family remained in the same state of confinement till the 3d of September following, when the new Constitution was presented to the King by the Assembly, and accepted by him, on which he was immediately restored to liberty, and

the exercise of his civil functions. But the impression made upon the public mind by his attempted flight, and the issue, was never obliterated, and nothing, perhaps, in the early course of the Revolution, contributed so greatly to extinguish the ancient prejudices of the people in favor of the royal person and dignity, and to precipitate the crisis in which both perished.

On the 3d of September, the Constitution agreed upon was presented to the King. It was carried to the palace by a deputation of sixty of the members, who were received by the King, while the Queen, the Dauphin and his sister, presented themselves at the door of the apartment. After expressing, in general terms, his attachment to the national liberties, and his confidence in the loyalty of his people, he said to the Deputies, "There are my wife and my children, whose sentiments are the same as my own." The Queen felt it necessary to confirm this assurance, however far she was from partaking in the feelings of hope and confidence which it seemed to imply.

Ten days afterwards the King wrote to the Assembly that he was willing to accept the Constitution, and the next day, accordingly, he proceeded to their Hall to give his public assent to it, with the solemnities becoming so important an act. At the hour of noon a discharge of cannon announced the approach of his Majesty, who, having entered the Hall, seated himself beside the President of the Assembly. The members, meanwhile, in conformity with a resolution which had been passed in the earlier part of the day, remained in their places without rising. The King himself rose, when about to read his address, but on perceiving that no one else followed his example, he resumed his seat, and proceeded to speak as follows:—

"I have come, gentlemen, to ratify solemnly, in this place, the acceptance of the Constitution which I have already declared. Wherefore, I swear to be faithful to the nation and to the law, and to employ all the power which is delegated to me, in maintaining the Constitution, and causing the laws to be executed. May this great and memorable

epoch be that of the re-establishment of peace and union—the pledge of the happiness of the people, and the prosperity of the empire."

The tone and look, both of dignity and of confidence, with which these words were spoken, drew forth the plaudits of the Assembly. After a few words of reply from the President, his Majesty signed the Constitution, and then retiring from the Hall, was followed by the whole of the members, who escorted him to the sound of military music, as far as the door of the palace.

As soon, however, as he had escaped from the public gaze, the monarch, it would appear, gave free vent to the expression of very different sentiments from those he had so recently manifested. Proceeding immediately to the apartment of the Queen, who had also been present in the Assembly, he threw himself on a chair, and while the tears gushed from his eyes, addressing himself to her Majesty, bewailed in the bitterest terms what he called the humiliation she had seen him undergo. The Queen could not console him, but throw

ing herself on her knees at his feet, clung to him, and joined in his grief and lamentations. It seemed to both that the manner in which the King had been treated by the Assembly, in being placed on a level with the President, and received without any of the usual marks of respect, was both cruelly insulting in itself, and ominous of the entire overthrow, at no distant hour, of the royal authority.

Since such had been the demeanor of the existing Assembly, what was not to be expected from the one immediately about to meet, the great majority of the members of which were well known to be of much more violently anti-monarchical principles even than their predecessors! The prospect seemed to their Majesties one of deepest gloom. Such were the feelings that reigned within the palace. Without all was popular triumph and rejoicing. Four days after the King's visit to the Assembly, a public fête, which had been decreed by that body, was celebrated in Paris in honor of the great act,—the completion, as it were, of the

edifice of freedom,—which had just been consummated. The Constitution was solemnly proclaimed by the civic authorities, in a public manner, in several places in the capital. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated, and nowhere was there seen a more splendid display of festoons of light, transpareneies, and other such ornaments, than along the front of the Tuileries, and in the garden of that palace. The royal family drove in their carriage through the streets, and to the different public places, to witness the rejoicings, and were in general received by the people with respect and demonstrations of attachment. It is related, however, by Madame de Campan, that whenever the cry of *Vive le Roi* was uttered by the crowd around the royal carriage, a man who had stationed himself by its side, and steadily kept his place there, immediately called out, "*Ne les croyez pas; Vive la Nation!*" *Trust them not; the Nation forever!* It has been remarked that the general sentiment was most correctly expressed by a transparency which a shoemaker of the Rue St. Honoré

had placed over the door of his shop, exhibiting the following words:—

"Vive le Roi
S'il est de bonne foi."

The members of the first National Assembly held their last sitting on the 30th of September, the King having on that occasion again presented himself among them, and read an address full of apparently the most cordial assurances of his satisfaction with the new order of things. The next day their successors met in the same Hall.

VI.

Present Evils and impending Perils.

LOUIS XVI. trembled in his palace. He could not conceal from himself that he was less the king than the captive of France, and that his own life and that of the Queen and their children would be sacrificed whenever reverse or peril should come. The public journals and the clubs denounced, more earnestly than ever, the Austrian influence which they alleged was at work, and of which they accused the Queen of being the promoter. Discord reigned in the councils of the ministers, and everything was in a state of confusion. Thus they passed the long and dreary months of the remainder of that year, nor did they find relief, except in the momentary gleams of hope which visited them, as the winter passed, and the spring wore on. They were guarded in

the palace more closely than ever before. Everywhere, at the outer gates, and in the inner chambers and passages, sentinels were posted. Even the private apartments of the Queen were invaded, and no respect was paid to the modest decencies of domestic life. The vigilant eyes of unfeeling sentinels were set to watch the royal family even in the retirement of their sleeping apartments and around the sacred retreats of domestic privacy.

Besides all these sufferings and fears, the state of the city was such as to awaken the most gloomy and terrible apprehensions. The law was powerless, and the will of an insane mob governed everywhere. Assassination and murder were committed with impunity, and the most horrible barbarities were exercised upon such as fell under the popular suspicion or hate. The royal family were grossly insulted whenever they made their appearance, even if it were only at the windows of the palace.

The King had refused his sanction to a decree of the Assembly for the persecution of the priest-

hood, and this aroused the mob of Paris to a violent outrage. They made an assault upon the Tuileries, after he had retired with the royal family into one of the interior apartments which overlooked the garden of the palace. He heard at first the distant murmur and thunder of the gathering multitude, and soon afterwards the cries of his frightened servants, who were flying in all directions. The King confided his wife, his sister and his children to the care of the officers of the household, who surrounded them, and went alone in the direction of the Hall of Council, near which the attack was made. When the King entered this apartment, he found that the doors of the next room, the Hall of the nobles, as it was called, were broken in by the blows of the assailants. Instead of retreating, the King rushed forward towards the door, through the broken panels of which the frantic mob thrust at him with iron-pointed sticks and lances, while he was assailed with furious cries, imprecations and menaces. Louis ordered his attendants to open the doors,

exclaiming in a firm voice, that he could have nothing to fear in the midst of his people.

The impetuosity of the ringleaders was overawed by his firmness and self-composure, and by that feeling of respect for the sacred person of the King which they had so long been accustomed to feel. Several officers of the National Guard, alarmed by the report of his Majesty's danger, had hastened to join the brave grenadiers who were in attendance upon him, and thus kept the crowd at bay. He was only anxious to prevent the people from entering the apartment of the royal family, regardless of his own danger. While thus exposed to the weapons which threatened him, he beheld his sister, Madame Elizabeth, endeavoring to approach him, as if by her presence she might shield him, or failing in that, might die with him. The mob, mistaking her for the Queen, rushed towards her, and were about to kill her, but being undeceived, and hearing her venerated name, they dropped their arms. "Ah, why do you undeceive them?" cried the Princess sorrow

fully—"let them suppose I am the Queen Could I die in her place, she perhaps might be saved."

The assailants pressing round the King, loudly demanded that he would sanction the decree against the priests. At each new invasion of the mob, the strength of the King and the small number of his defenders was exhausted in the renewed struggles of the unwearied crowd. They climbed up by the balconies, and entered by the roof and windows, while the maddened rabble below shouted impatiently to those above to finish the work. At one time there was a report that Louis was assassinated, and the people outside looked up to the windows, demanding that his head should be thrown down to them.

One of the crowd thrust towards the King the *bonnet rouge*, on the end of a pike, and demanded that he should put it on, as a sign of patriotism. With a smile the King placed it on his head, and then there arose shouts of *Vive le Roi!* Having thus crowned Louis with the symbol of liberty, the people felt that they were conquerors, and

their rage was thus, for the time, appeased. Still they demanded the sanction of the decrees. But Louis firmly refused to acquiesce. He declared that he would not surrender to violence, that there was no time for deliberation, and that so surrounded, he could not possibly deliberate with freedom. "Do not fear, Sire," said a grenadier of the National Guard to him. "My friend," was the King's reply, taking his hand, and placing it on his breast, "place your hand there, and see if my heart beats quicker than usual." This action, and his unshaken firmness and calm self-reliance, was seen and observed by the crowd, and had its effect in turning the tide in his favor.

While Louis was thus beset by the multitude, and was resisting their rage almost single-handed, the Queen, who was more hated than the King, was undergoing similar outrages and torments in another apartment of the palace. The doors of her room were assailed with the same uproar and violence which beset the Hall where the King met the crowd. But this party was composed chiefly

of women, assisted by some men whom they summoned to break down the doors.

The Queen was standing with her two children pressed to her bosom, and listening with mortal fear to the cries of the assailants. She had near her no one but M. de Lajard, the Minister of War, who was powerless but devoted, a few ladies of her suite, and the Princess de Lamballe, that friend who was endeared to her by many memories both of happy and unhappy hours. As the multitude poured into the apartment of the Queen, they found her with her daughter, then fourteen years of age, pressed closely against her mother's bosom, as though she would shield her by her innocence, and the Dauphin, a beautiful child of seven years old, seated on the table in front of her. The ferocity of her foes was softened before this moving spectacle of weakness, beauty, and childhood. They could not, with all their passions of hate and revenge, fail to feel sensibility and pity in the presence of humiliated greatness. A young girl of pleasing appearance, and respectably attired,

approached the Queen, and in the coarsest terms bitterly reviled her as base and treacherous. Marie Antoinette, moved by the gentleness of her face, in contrast with the rage and bitterness which she manifested, addressed her in a kind and soothing manner.

"Why do you hate me? Have I ever, unknowingly, done you any injury, or in any way offended you?"

"No, not to me," replied the young girl. "But you are the one who causes all the misery and suffering of the people."

"Poor child," replied the Queen. "You have been deceived by the accusations of others. What would it advance me to make the people miserable? I am the wife of your King, and the mother of the Dauphin. By all the affections of my heart, as a wife and mother, I am a Frenchwoman. I shall never more see my own country. I can only be happy or unhappy in France. I was happy when I had your love."

These gentle reproaches melted the heart of the

girl, and she burst into tears. Begging the pardon of the Queen, she said to her, "I did not know you before, but I see that you are good."

When the Assembly heard of the assault upon the King in his palace, they sent a deputation of twenty-four members to put a stop to the outrage, and protect the royal family. But the eloquence which is so powerful to excite the masses, is powerless to check them, and their words and remonstrances were lost in the confused noise of the assailants, and thus for five long hours the King and his household were exposed to the insults and rage of the unfeeling mob. Forty thousand persons were collected, among whom were many women from the faubourgs, and in the wildest excesses of rage, and obscenity, and drunkenness, they surrounded the Hall of the Assembly, and thronged in the gardens and apartments of the Tuileries. At length, through the exertions of the National Guards, and of the president and members of the Assembly, the palace was cleared, and the royal family left to such quiet and repose as

might follow a scene of such lawless outrage and terrible danger. The events of this awful time had taught Louis that there was no safety for them, and no protection against the fury of the excited populace. The most gloomy apprehensions and fears filled their bosoms, as they looked forward to the future. They could not forecast coming events, nor penetrate the dark and still darkening cloud which hung in deepest gloom over the prospect.

These scenes occurred on the 20th of June, 1792. The departments were preparing to send to the capital twenty thousand troops, in obedience to the order of the Assembly. Among these troops was a body of twelve or fifteen hundred men, known as the Marseillais, who were summoned up from the south, at the instigation of the Girondists, to rekindle the revolutionary fires which seemed to be burning low in Paris. These men, rendered frantic by the eloquence of the provincial clubs, and by the applauses of the people, were everywhere received with applause, fêted and overcome

by enthusiasm and wine at the patriotic banquets which greeted them in constant succession on their way. The secret motive which brought them to Paris was to intimidate the National Guard, to revive the energy of the faubourgs, and by their enthusiasm and reckless courage, to control the military forces then gathered in the capital.

The famous Marsellaise Hymn, written and composed by a young officer of artillery in the garrison at Strasbourg, named Rouget de Lisle, was chanted by this band, along their march, and as they approached the capital. Never, during all the revolution, was enthusiasm at greater height, or the idea of revolution more palpably embodied than when the populace of Paris, men, women, and children, in a vast multitude, received this horde with loud and impassioned greetings.

THE MARSEILLAISE

I.

ALLONS, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous, de la tyrannie
L'étendart sanglant est levé.

Entendez-vous dans ces campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats!
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
Égorger vos fils et vos compagnes!
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

II.

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traitres, de rois conjurés?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves
Ces fers dès longtemps preparés?
Français, pour vous ah! quel outrage,
Quels transports il doit exciter?
C'est vous qu'on ose méditer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage:
Aux armes, &c.

III.

Quoi! ces cohortes étrangères
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers?
Quoi! ces phalanges mercénaires
Terrasseraient nos péres guerriers?
Grand Dieu! par des mains enchainées,
Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient;
De vils despotes deviendraient;
Les maitres de nos destinées.
Aux armes, &c.

IV.

Tremblez, tyrans! et vous, perfides
L'opprobre de tous les partis!
Tremblez, vos projets parricides
Vent enfin recevoir leur prix!

Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.
S'ils tombent nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit des nouveaux,
Contre vous tous prêts à se battre.
Aux armes, &c.

V.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes
Portez ou retenez vos coups;
Épargnes ces tristes victimes
A regret s'armant contre vous.
Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
Mais les complices de Bouillé,
Tous ces tigres sans pitié,
Déchirent le sein de leur mère.
Aux armes, &c.

VI.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs!
Liberté, liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Sous nos drapeaux que la Victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents;
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

Lamartine, in his History of the Girondists, says that these words were sung in notes alternately flat and sharp, which seemed to come from the

breast with sullen mutterings of national anger, and then with the joy of victory. They had something as solemn as death, but as serene as the undying confidence of patriotism. It seemed a recovered echo of Thermopylæ—it was heroism sung. There was heard the regular footfall of thousands of men walking together to defend the frontiers over the resounding soil of their country, the plaintive notes of women, the wailing of children, the neighing of horses, the hissing of flames as they devoured palaces and huts. The notes of this air rustled like a flag dipped in gore, still reeking in the battle-plain. It made one tremble —but it was the shudder of intrepidity which passed over the heart and gave an impulse, — redoubled strength—veiled death. It was the "fire-water" of the Revolution, which instilled into the senses and the soul of the people the intoxication of battle. There are times when all people find thus gushing into their national mind accents which no man hath written down, and which all the world feels. All the senses desire to present

their tribute to patriotism, and eventually to encourage each other. The foot advances—gesture animates—the voice intoxicates the ear—the ear shakes the heart. The whole heart is inspired like an instrument of enthusiasm. Art becomes divine; dancing, heroic; music, martial; poetry, popular. The hymn which was at that moment in all mouths will never perish. It is not profaned on common occasions. Like those sacred banners, suspended from the roofs of holy edifices, and which are only allowed to leave them on certain days, the French keep the national song as an extreme arm for the great necessities of the country. The *Marseillaise* preserves notes of the song of glory and the shriek of death; glorious as the one, funereal like the other, it assures the country, whilst it makes the citizen turn pale.

VII.

Louis Sixteenth.—Imprisonment and Execution

IN the midst of the stormy scenes which Paris was witnessing, an attempt was made to reconcile all parties, and thus put an end to anarchy, by Lamourette, the bishop of Lyons. He was a member of the Assembly, and had won the veneration of that body by his charity and moderation. Gaining the tribune, he spoke as follows:—"Of all the measures proposed for stopping the divisions which tear us to pieces, one is forgotten which would of itself suffice to restore order to the empire, and safety to the nation. It is the union of all its children in one thought, the combination of all the members of this Assembly, an irresistible example which would infallibly reconcile all citizens. And what is there to oppose this? It is only virtue

and crime that are irreconcilable. Honest men have the common ground of patriotism and honor on which they can always meet. What separates us? jealousies, suspicions of one another. Let us choke these in a patriotic embrace, and in an unanimous oath. Let us crush, by one common execration, the republic and the two chambers."

This bold and earnest summons to unity was heard by the whole Assembly. Every member rose in his place, and uttered the oath. Enthusiastic cries resounded throughout the Hall, and men of every faction and shade of opinion met and embraced. The people soon learned that the speech of an honest man had put an end to divisions, confounded parties, and produced unanimity. A message was sent to the King, who hastened to the Hall of the Assembly, and was received with enthusiasm. For the moment hope revived in his breast. "I am one with *you*," said Louis, in a voice broken with tears of joy; "our union will save France." Great were the rejoicings in the palace among the royal family. They wept tears of joy.

They embraced one another with such hopes for the future as had not been indulged for many a day that was gone. But, alas, even this hope and joy could not endure. That same evening violent discussions again disturbed the Assembly, and the spirit of dissension once more returned to brood over that Hall from which the good bishop's voice had driven it for the moment.

On the 14th of July, the day of the Federation, there was a magnificent fête in the Champ de Mars, which the King attended, accompanied by the Queen, and their children, and escorted by the wavering troops. Here he was to take the oath of fidelity to the Constitution. The Queen trembled for the life of the King as he walked through the crowd on his way to the altar. Every moment was to her an age of torment. Thousands of bayonets and pikes bristled around him, as she followed him with her eyes, thinking every moment that she should see him murdered in her presence. After Louis had taken the civic oath, the royal family returned to the Tuileries and never again ap-

peared in the streets until they were borne to execution.

The tide of Revolution now gathered force every hour. Everywhere was heard the sullen murmuring which forebodes the storm. Preparations of attack and defence were made secretly at the Tuileries, and the private apartments of the King were filled with nobles and returned emigrants. The sections of the city, the clubs, and the departments, demanded the dethronement of the King. Insults and menaces, assassinations and massacres, prevailing everywhere, spread consternation throughout the capital, and kept the inmates of the palace in the agony of mortal fear.

On the night of the 9th of August, the tocsin was sounded in many belfries of distant quarters of the city, conveying terror and death to those who were watching, weeping and praying over the dangers to which they were exposed. The Queen and Madame Elizabeth ascended to the upper balconies of the Tuileries, and there listened to the confused sounds of the streets below. At mid

night the bells gave out the signals for the gathering, and the Swiss Guard arranged themselves in line of battle, to protect the royal family. The assailants were slow in collecting, and it was supposed that their plans had failed. With this hope the Queen and Madame Elizabeth sought a small apartment overlooking the courtyard, where they threw themselves upon couches, with their clothes on, for repose. The King retired to a private apartment with the Abbé Hebert, his confessor, to prepare himself by the aids and consolations of religion, for the death which menaced him so nearly. Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth in vain sought forgetfulness of danger in sleep. The confused sounds of the gathering multitude penetrated their retreat. They heard the report of a gun, and believing it the beginning of the slaughter, they hastened to join the King.

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royal children, and from thence to the Hall of Council where the ministers were sittting. With more than human effort they concealed their agony, and repressed their tears, as they passed in and out among their defenders, and by their apparent calmness, by their smiles and encouraging words, they inspired confidence where it was nearly lost. A more eloquent appeal to sympathy, compassion, and courage, could not be made than that of those two devoted and lovely women, the one a queen and mother, trembling at once for her husband and children, the other a fond sister, trembling for the life of a brother, and each insensible to danger for herself. Marie Antoinette exhibited a courage and elevation of soul, as well as a tenderness and depth of affection which belonged to her as a queen, and mother, and wife. She feared, she hoped, she despaired, and she reassured herself successively, whilst yet she hoped without excess, and was discouraged without being prostrated. She wept, not from weakness, but from affection; she mourned, but over her children; she veiled

her anguish and her grief beneath the respect she owed to herself, to the blood of her mother, Maria Theresa, and to the people by whom she was summoned. Such was Marie Antoinette during the four-and-twenty hours replete with so many crises that must have overpowered any but herself. She was, like all of her sex, a woman inspired more by nature than by policy; better calculated to bear peril and misfortune with heroism than to guide and advise the King. Her place was rather in action than in the council-chamber.

The popular forces, composed of the Fédérés from Marseilles and Bretagne, and numerous bands of citizens from the faubourgs, began to move slowly towards the Tuileries from the different points where they had assembled, about three o'clock in the morning. The Marseillese were the first who arrived, and they immediately formed in order for battle in the Place du Carrousel, directly in front of the Palace. Here they were soon joined by auxiliary troops, who drew up behind them. Others took up their stations in the garden, from

which the National Guards and the Gendarmes, who had been posted there, retired amid cries of *Vive le Nation*, and falling back ranged themselves on the side of the assailants.

It was now six o'clock in the morning. Immediately before this, the King, accompanied by the Queen and his sister, had come down to the garden to review the troops, and had seen enough to satisfy him of the little dependence to be placed in such defenders. Some of the artillery company, approaching Louis, shook their fists in his face, and insulted him by the grossest language.

While matters were in this state, Dejoly, the Minister of Justice, presented himself in the Assembly, and entreated that some measures should be adopted for the protection of the King, but the Assembly took but little notice of the request. Dejoly then returned to the Tuileries, where he found the royal family assembled in the King's closet. Here they all remained till near eight o'clock, when a municipal officer presented himself, and announced that forces were moving in

columns upon the palace from all quarters. Immediately after, M. Roederer entered, and stated that the attack was about to begin, that the greater part of the National Guards had joined the people, and that the forces still remaining steady were insufficient to defend the palace. He urged his Majesty, therefore, that without an instant's delay he should take the only step which could save himself and his family from being massacred, and seek refuge with the Queen and children in the National Assembly. The Queen at first shrunk indignantly from this humiliation. She would rather, she exclaimed, be nailed to the walls of the palace; and offering arms to the King, she implored him to put himself at the head of his friends, and at last, if it must be so, to lose his crown and his life together. But on being reminded of her children, whose only chance of safety she was destroying, she said, heaving a profound sigh, "It is the last sacrifice—let it be made," and offered no further resistance.

The whole party, consisting of the royal family,

the ministers, and several gentlemen belonging to the Court, then left the palace by the gate opening on the garden, and proceeded directly across the parterre to the Hall of the Assembly. They were escorted by a battalion composed of Swiss, and grenadiers of the National Guard, who, forming into a hollow square around them, conducted them in safety, and without encountering interruption, till they arrived at the steps leading up to the Terrace des Feuillans. Here was assembled a formidable mob, who declared, in the most furious language, their determination to prevent them from advancing further. It was in vain that M. Roederer begged them to respect the Constitution and the laws. His voice was drowned in their tumultuous clamor and menaces, which were directed against the Queen especially, with fiendish vehemence. In the meantime, however, the Assembly had sent a deputation to meet them. One of their number approached Rocher, the leader of the mob, and addressed him earnestly in the name of the Assembly, and succeeded in making an impression

upon him by this appeal. Placing himself before the King, Rocher commanded his followers to make way, and lifting up the young Dauphin, and seating him on his shoulders, he entered the Assembly with them, and placed the boy on the table before the President. The royal family were then placed in the seats reserved for the reporters, situated behind the President's chair.

The departure of the King was followed at the palace by scenes of the most revolting description. About nine o'clock, the Marseillese and Bretons advanced to the charge, and forced their way, with irresistible impetuosity, into the Court of the Princes, the largest of the several courts into which the space immediately before the Tuileries was divided. It would appear that the Swiss, now almost the only troops who remained to defend the palace, manifested some disposition to capitulate with their assailants, feeling doubtless that there hardly remained any chance of making a successful resistance to the multitude by which the place was now attacked on all sides. But the

capitulation was the next moment suddenly interrupted by some persons of the mob, who advanced to the foot of the staircase, pulled down several of the Swiss who were standing upon the steps, and took from them their arms, amidst shouts of laughter. The crowd thus excited, immediately rushed forward, and the disarmed captives were instantly massacred.

On this the Swiss, both at the windows and on the staircase, burning to avenge their companions, put their muskets to their shoulders, and showered down a thick and fearfully-destructive fire on the besiegers in the court and on the stairs. The Marseillese, and the rest of the multitude who had been driven back by this assault of the Swiss, immediately returned to their ground, while numerous bands of others had penetrated at the same time from various quarters into the garden, and commenced a vigorous attack upon that point of the palace. Thus beleaguered on every side, and played upon by cannon planted at the ends of the adjacent streets, it was impossible that the palace

could have held out long, even had its defenders been much more numerous, and much better armed than they were. Before the assailants had gained the interior, several hundred gentlemen who were posted in the different apartments, made their escape through the gallery of the Louvre. About eight hundred Swiss were now the only troops remaining in the palace. These brave men drew up immediately before the great staircase, to resist, as long as they could, the entrance of the mob. But they were soon overpowered by the immense number of their assailants, who slew nearly all of them, and then poured into the palace, opposed by no other impediment than the heaped up bodies of the slaughter.

A general massacre now commenced of the numerous servants and other inmates of the royal dwelling, which lasted from noon till two o'clock. They slew, in the rooms, on the roofs, and in the cellars, the Swiss who were found either with or without arms, the chevaliers, the valets, and all who inhabited the building. In the midst of this

promiscuous slaughter, however, the women were spared. Terrible scenes were witnessed by them, but they were protected. The whole number of Swiss who perished in this massacre was not far from eight hundred. By two o'clock the fury of the murderers had spent itself, and the place of their ravages was filled with the dead bodies of those who had thus miserably perished.

During the whole of this day of terror the Assembly had continued sitting. The King and Queen with their children, and Madame Elizabeth and the Princess Lamballe, remained in the loge of the reporters till a late hour of the night, and then found what repose they could in an adjacent committee-room, from which they repaired to the Hall of the Assembly early the next morning, where they were forced to listen to the debates, some of which were exceedingly insolent and insulting both to the King and Queen. Several decrees were passed in reference to the future residence and custody of the royal family, and it was finally determined that they should be sent to the Tem-

ple, and be detained there, under a guard of twenty men. Accordingly, the King and his family were transferred to the prison thus appointed for them, by the sovereign municipality, being conveyed thither in two carriages through the thronged streets, and by the most public thoroughfares of the city.

In the meantime the allied army was approaching the city, and apprehensions of the vengeance that would be taken upon them, filled the minds of the populace. There was no longer safety for those who favored the cause of royalty. The prisons were crowded with victims who were suspected of friendliness to the King and his party, and murder and assassination were committed with the most reckless disregard of all law and all humanity, and in the face of open day. The furious mob could not wait for the slower process of trial, but broke into the prisons, dragged forth their victims and slew them without mercy. The streets of Paris again flowed with blood, and vengeance triumphed over innocence and youth—

over helpless age and feeble womanhood. Many thousands perished, and the cry of their blood went up to heaven.

For several weeks the time and attention of the Assembly were occupied in the trial of the King. Many stormy debates took place, and many gratuitous insults were offered to Louis, which were received and borne by him with the meekness of a saint and the endurance of a martyr. When first arraigned, some of the more violent demanded that judgment should be passed immediately, and enforced their proposition both by speeches and by the most furious and affrighting outcries. The discussion, however, was continued for several days; nor was it till the 15th of January that a vote was taken on the question of the King's guilt. There were six hundred and ninety-three members present in the Assembly, and they all voted that he was guilty. Two days after, the votes were taken as to the punishment to be inflicted on the condemned monarch. There were seven hundred and twenty-one members present,

and of these three hundred and sixty-one voted for death simply; but twenty-six others also gave their suffrages in favor of the same punishment, only demanding further consideration of the question of deferring the execution of the sentence. The remaining members voted variously for death after a certain time—for confinement during life in irons—or for banishment

Attempts were made to save the unfortunate Louis even after the sentence of death had been declared against him. His counsel demanded an appeal to the people, but this demand was rejected. It was moved, also, to delay the execution of the sentence, and the proposal gave rise to a violent discussion, but was decided against by a large majority of the Assembly. Louis himself addressed a written request to the Assembly that they would allow him three days to prepare for death, but his petition was refused, and he was told that his execution would take place within four-and-twenty hours.

Nothing now remained for Louis but such prep-

aration for the last scene of all his agony as he might make, and with the permission of the Assembly, he sent for the Abbé de Firmont, whom he had known in former days, and for whom he felt a sacred friendship. On his arrival the King led him to his chamber in the Tower, in order that the interview might be without witnesses. The priest fell at the King's feet and burst into tears, nor could the latter refrain from weeping. "Pardon me," said he, "this momentary weakness. I have so long lived amongst enemies, that habit has rendered me indifferent to their hatred, and my heart has been closed against all sentiments of tenderness. But the sight of a faithful friend restores me my sensibility which I believed dead, and moves me to tears in spite of myself." He then read his will to the Abbé, and a long and tender, but calm conversation ensued. He inquired after his friends, and rejoiced or lamented for them, as their fate deserved. He then employed the time that remained till his last interview with his family in offices of devotion.

That last interview, it was arranged, was to take place in the *salle à manger*, which communicated by a glass-door with the apartment of the commissioner, who could thus keep his royal captive in sight. There the King awaited the interview. The door opened, and Marie Antoinette entered, leading the Dauphin by the hand, and threw herself upon his neck. Madame Elizabeth followed with the Princess royal. The King seated himself with his wife and sister on either side of him, and his children clinging to his neck. Thus grouped, with their arms encircling him, and their faces hidden on his breast, they presented such a spectacle of anguished affection and despair as the human eye seldom looks upon. More than half an hour went by, and nothing was heard save low murmurs of love, and wailings of lamentation, in which the voices of father, and wife, and sister, and children, mingled in one common sorrow, and at intervals swelled up into such piercing cries of shrill grief as pierced the massive walls of the Temple, and were heard in the streets and quar

ters over which that gloomy Temple frowned. At length, when their first impassioned grief was exhausted, and their tears ceased to flow, by reason of physical exhaustion, there succeeded a whispered conversation, interrupted by kisses and embraces, which lasted for two hours. At last, however, they were obliged to separate. Louis in his tenderness, and to alleviate the sorrow of the Queen, promised to see them once more in the morning, and bid them adieu with "a gesture and voice which revealed at once a whole past life of tenderness, a present of anguish, a future of eternal separation, but in which could be distinguished an accent of serenity, hope and religious joy, which seemed to indicate the confident expectation of a reunion in a better world."

Early the next morning Louis received the sacrament from the hands of the good Abbé, and calmly awaited the hour of execution. "How happy I am," exclaimed the King, "that I maintained my faith on the throne. Where should I be to-day, but for this hope? Yes, here is on

high a Judge incorruptible, who will award to me that measure of justice which men refuse to me here below."

At nine o'clock there was a tumult of approaching steps, and the doors of his apartment were thrown open. The King said to Santerre, who commanded the escort—"You are come for me; I will be with you in an instant: await me there." He then turned to the priest, and kneeling, begged his blessing and his prayers. Then pressing the hand of his servant, Cléry, in a mute farewell, he said to the officer, "let us go." The escort formed, the King left the Temple, ascended the carriage, and was driven through the streets to the *Place de la Revolution*. There stood the guillotine, surrounded by a hundred thousand people, and there waited the executioners. They ignominiously bound him, and supported by the priest he ascended the steep and slippery steps of the scaffold. Crossing the scaffold with a firm tread, he turned, and facing the multitude he said,—"People, I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me.

I pardon the authors of my death, and pray to God that the blood you are about to shed may not fall on France." He then surrendered himself to the executioners. He was fastened to the plank The knife glided, and the head of Louis XVI. fell.

VIII.

Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the Royal Children.

AT the early age of fifteen Marie Antoinette was married to Louis, the grandson of the King, Louis XV., and heir apparent to the throne of France. Descended from the royal house of Austria, the daughter of Maria Theresa, she had begun her life amid the storms of monarchy, and in all its progress, down to its fatal close, it seemed to be her fate to attract the pity and interest of all generous hearts that traced her history. She was one of the children whom the Empress, her mother, held by the hand when she presented herself as a supplicant before her faithful Hungarians, and the troops exclaimed, "We will die for our King, Maria Theresa."

Marie Antoinette was richly and liberally en-

dowed by nature. She had the heart of a king, and was swayed by noble impulses. Her firmness and courage, when once called forth by the exigencies of events, were remarkable for their calm and sustaining power, but she was wanting in that prudence and foresight in avoiding difficulties, and that firmness of purpose and policy which could fix the wavering monarch, and aid him in guiding the affairs of State, amidst the difficulties and perils which thickened around them.

In her person she is represented as extremely beautiful. She was tall and slim, with a majestic carriage and a dignity of bearing which was softened and beautified by a gentle expression of countenance, and a pensive and intelligent smile which indicated the kindness of her heart and the warmth of her affections. Although the defects of her early education were never repaired by later acquisitions of knowledge, yet her fine oval countenance shaded, in profusion, by her long, silky, light brown hair, and lighted up by her clear blue eyes, was animated, varying and impas-

sioned, and made her pre-eminent for loveliness and beauty among all who constituted that bril liant court. But yet these brilliant personal qualities, added to the goodness of her heart, and the undoubted purity of her life, did not shield her from sorrows and sufferings such as are rarely borne in this life in which sorrow and suffering is the common inheritance. She had the terrible misfortune of being hated by the people, and misrepresented and calumniated. The most infamous stories were circulated to her prejudice, and the most scandalous anecdotes were propagated and retailed among her enemies. She was an Austrian, and the French people feared and hated Austrian influence. And, it must be confessed, that she was destitute of those qualities which would have enabled her to conciliate faction, or to stand up against the storms of revolution, or to regulate the disordered elements which were raging around her. She had not anticipated misfortunes, and therefore was not forearmed against them. When she reached the French Court she

was welcomed with enthusiasm, and received by the nation with ardent expressions of loyalty and affection. When she heard, therefore, the first threatenings of the tempest—the first beatings of the surges which were destined to engulf her and all that was precious and dear to her heart—she was unconscious of the danger. She had no foresight for misfortune. She had trusted in the enthusiasm and the affection she had inspired, and which she felt in her own bosom, and when this reliance failed she had no reserved expedients on which she could fall back, and consequently enmity and malignity grew and increased, while her life darkened more and more until its final eclipse.

As the Revolution proceeded, the Queen perceived, too late, the hostility which was arrayed in all its strength and bitterness against the throne. Then came the recoil of all her feelings of love for her people, and the excitement of her deep and strong resentments against those who had so cruelly outraged her confidence and affection. She

was accused of conspiring against the nation, and stories of Austrian influence were busily circulated everywhere. The people, therefore, sought her life, and coupled her name with every species of infamy in their songs of rage. She was represented as the enemy of the whole nation, and her pride disdained to undeceive them. She enclosed herself in her resentment and terror, as if that were a panoply in which she might shield her heart. Imprisoned in the palace of the Tuileries, she was there pursued by malignant outrage and insult, and every unusual sound that reached her from without made her bosom throb with apprehension of insurrection and massacre. For two years she suffered this ceaseless agony, and that anguish was increased by her love for her two children, and by her fears for the King. It was there that she consulted and planned with her friends, always in secret and often by stealth, watched as she was by her servants, who acted as spies upon her conduct. Measures of resistance were proposed—schemes for bribing the Assembly

—plans for surrendering the Constitution—attempts by force—assumption of the royal dignity—repentance, weakness, terror and flight—all these expedients were discussed, planned, decided on, prepared and abandoned, on the same day. All was indecision. There was wanting that firmness and that persistent resolution which is necessary to secure the success of a political plan. This indecision was, doubtless, extremely prejudicial to the interests of the King, who was himself wavering and timid. The Queen possessed a mind much superior to his, but with more soul, more character, and more courage than he, her superiority only served to embarrass his interests by suggesting expedients which were impracticable and prejudicial. She was at once the charm of his life, the light of his heart, and the genius of his destruction; but while she led him on, step by step, to the scaffold, she shrunk not from the fatal penalty, but ascended it with him, and redeemed her imprudence with her blood.

When Louis XVI. tore himself from the last

embraces of his family to go to his death, the Queen threw herself upon her bed, in her clothes, where she remained through long and weary hours, plunged in continued swoons, interrupted by sobs and prayers. She desired ardently to know the exact moment when the execution took place, that she might invoke him as a protector in heaven whom she had lost as a spouse on earth. She wished, too, to be informed of the sad details of his last moments, and to receive his last words. She knew that he would die as a man, and as a Christian; she wished also to know if he bore himself to the last as a king. But this consolation was denied her. Her inhuman keepers even prevented her receiving the locks of hair, and the marriage ring, which had been entrusted to Cléry, the faithful servant of the King.

She was, however, permitted by her goalers to put on mourning, as a last mark of respect to the memory of her husband. But even this request was not granted without coupling with the permission the disgraceful condition that her mourning

weeds should be simple and inexpensive. After this her captivity became closer and more strictly guarded. Several attempts were made to soften its rigors, and to contrive means to communicate with the Queen from without, and plots were framed for her liberation. But so closely was she guarded, and so determined and implacable was the feeling against her among the people, that all efforts were unavailing. Six months more wore away in this cruel captivity, and then she was removed from the Temple to the prison of the Conciergerie, to await immediate trial.

When this order came, she heard it without betraying either astonishment or grief. She seemed to regard it as one step nearer to the end which she saw was inevitable, and which she wished was nearer still. She took leave of her daughter and the Princess Elizabeth. Folding her beautiful child in her arms, she covered her with blessings and with tears, recommending to her the same forgiveness of their enemies and forgetfulness of their persecutions as the King had recom-

mended to her at their last parting. She then placed the hands of her daughter in those of the Princess Elizabeth, saying, "Behold the person who will henceforth be to you in the place of father and mother. Obey her and love her as if she were myself. And you, my sister," she said to the Princess, "I commit to you the precious trust. Be a mother to my poor children. Love them as you have loved us, even in the dungeon, and unto death."

On the 14th day of October, she was taken from her cell into the judgment-hall, surrounded by a strong guard, for trial. As she seated herself upon the bench of the accused, her judges could not have failed to remark the sad decay of her peerless beauty in the deep lines which anguish and suffering had traced upon her countenance. But, though scathed by the Revolution, and faded by grief, she was neither cast down nor overcome. Her eyes, though sunken by sorrow, and surrounded by that black circle which betrayed sleepless nights and scalding tears, still flashed with something of

their former brilliancy upon her enemies. The beauty which had dazzled the Court, and been renowned throughout Europe in her days of youth and happiness, was no longer discernible, but yet the traces and lineaments of that loveliness could be distinguished amidst the deep lines her sorrows had graved. Her hair, once so beautiful, now whitened by anguish, flowed down her neck, a mute appeal for sympathy, as well as sad witness of the wrongs and cruelties with which her womanhood had been outraged by the unfeeling monsters of the Revolution. She appeared not as an irritated queen, nor as a suppliant who intercedes by her humility, but as a victim whom long misfortune had habituated to her lot, who had forgotten that she was a queen, and remembered only that she was a woman, claiming nothing of her past rank, and resigning nothing of the dignity of her sex, and her deep distress.

The trial of Marie Antoinette was short, and followed immediately by her condemnation. In the circumstances of the times she was not allowed

those religious consolations which she desired and needed to prepare her for her execution. It is true that priests were sent to her, for the forms of religion were still kept up by the revolutionists, but they were not priests who were in communion with the Church of Rome, and she could not accept their services. Touched with a feeling of gratitude and kindness for their attention, she thanked them, but respectfully declined to confess to them, or to receive their absolution and blessing. She addressed herself earnestly to her devotions to God, and thus sought to make preparation for the last hour. During the night she wrote a long and tender letter to Madame Elizabeth, earnestly thanking her for all her love, and commending her children anew to her care. The next day she was conducted to the scaffold, amidst the derisive shouts of the populace, and there calmly and piously ended her troubled life.

IX.

Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the Royal Children, in the Temple.

WHEN the King was assailed by the mob in the palace of the Tuileries, as he turned to face the turbulent multitude, he saw his sister, Madame Elizabeth, who extended her arms towards him, and was anxious to rush forward, as if to shield him from the weapons which thousands of hands were brandishing over his head. She had escaped from the ladies who surrounded the Queen and the children, and followed the King into the thickest of the danger. She was fondly attached to her brother, and would readily have yielded up her life, if by this sacrifice she could have saved his.

Young, beautiful, and deeply respected in the

Court, for the piety of her life and the purity of her character, as well as for her passionate devotedness to the King, she had renounced all other affection and all selfish interests, that she might devote herself to her family. When they were consigned to the Tower, Madame Elizabeth was still their support and soother. In that gloomy prison, where for many months three came no sunshine of life, no report from without, no consolations of friendship, no images of love, no last smiles of the dying, and no words of hope for those who survived, in that sealed tomb this lovely princess was immured, while she saw her brother and her sister, the Queen, torn cruelly from her embrace, to be led to execution.

Madame Elizabeth had learned, by some imperfect intimations that had been secretly conveyed to her, the fate which had overtaken the Queen, but she did not reveal all the truth to her niece. She allowed her to waver in that doubt which surmises the worst, but which does not close the heart to all hope. Confined in still closer captivity, now that

the Queen had been removed, deprived of exercise, books and fire, and almost of nourishment by their unpitying goalers, the two princesses had passed the autumn and winter without knowing what was going on in the world around them. Deprived of the means of amusement such as had heretofore served to while away their mournful hours, cut off from seeing the Dauphin, or contributing to his comfort by their presence and affection, they could do little but mourn over the terrible fate in which they were all embraced. At length came the order for the trial of Madame Elizabeth.

On the 9th of May, nearly sixteen months after the execution of the King, at the moment when the princesses, half undressed, were praying at the foot of their beds, before retiring to rest, they were suddenly alarmed by loud and repeated blows upon the door of their chamber. Madame Elizabeth hastened to dress herself, and on opening the door she was met by the turnkeys, who commanded her to descend immediately. She foresaw her fate, and that there was no resistance. She was to

be separated from her niece. But one step was between her and the cruel guillotine. There was the anguish of separation, but no fear of what lay beyond that parting. She tenderly and passionately embraced the princess, and weeping upon her neck, prolonged the parting, until the implacable guards, with harsh invectives, and imperious epithets, compelled her to go. Having descended to the gate of the Tower, she was there met by the commissaries, who made her take a seat in a carriage, and at midnight conducted her to the Conciergerie.

The next day she was brought before the tribunal for trial, accompanied by twenty-four others, of both sexes, and of different ages. The accusation was read to her, and was followed by the examination, conducted in the usual summary and cruel manner, and she was condemned. She heard her sentence with calmness, and without grief. The only favor she asked was that she might be attended, in her last hours, by a priest in whose fidelity she could trust. But as in the case of the

Queen, this request was refused, and she was left to her own devotions for preparation for the last terrible hour. Some time before that hour arrived, she entered the common dungeon to encourage her companions by her counsel, her prayers, and her calm resignation. They then cut off her long fair hair, which was divided among the females who were to suffer with her, and the officers of the guard who led her to execution. Her hands were then bound, and she was placed last in the cars in which they were carried from the prison.

The people had assembled in crowds to witness the spectacle, but instead of offering her insult upon her passage, they were silent and almost respectful. Her beauty, made angelic by the peace which pervaded her spirit—her innocence of all the difficulties and disorders which had alienated them from the throne—her youth sacrificed to the affection which she bore the King and the royal family, made her a victim almost sacred in the eyes even of the mad populace, and repressed in them the usual outbreak of derision and scorn

with which they hailed the passage of the condemned. Her companions, before they suffered—for she was the last of that day's horrible sacrifice—humbly approached the princess and embraced her. And when she had thus witnessed their agony, she, too, ascended the scaffold, and yielded her head to the axe.

In the meanwhile, the Dauphin and the Princess, his sister, remained in the Temple, confined in separate apartments—allowed no intercourse with each other, and subjected to the most inhuman and unfeeling treatment. The sorrows of Maria Theresa began almost at her birth, and ended only with her life. Misfortune seemed to have laid her hand upon the innocent child in her cradle. Orphaned by the scaffold; passing from the Tuileries to a closer prison in the tower—from the Temple to exile; only entering her own country at a later day to suffer again the pitiless law of banishment, and dying far from the tomb of her ancestors. Such was her life— a long series of suffering—a protracted martyrdom.

Maria Theresa received at her birth the title of Madame Royal—a magnificent and derisive title, when we think of her sad destiny. Carefully and piously educated, she cherished those religious sentiments which sustained her in the midst of her long trials and vicissitudes. When the evil days came, they found her prepared. While a captive in the Temple she saw all she loved, all she cherished, torn away from her. The sole remnant of that unhappy group of victims, she would probably have sunk, also, under the tortures that were systematically inflicted upon her, had not the Directory, in December 1795, consented to exchange her as a prisoner of war, with the Austrian government, for some French officers whom they held captive. She went directly to Vienna, and several years afterwards she married her cousin, the Duke d'Angoulême, son of Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.

But the misfortunes of Maria Theresa did not end here. She shared all the vicissitudes of her family. After living for several years in Germany,

the royal family were driven from the Continent by the successes of the French army, and in 1809, they established themselves in England. After the fall of Napoleon she returned to France with the Bourbon family, and for fifteen years she lived in the palace of the Tuileries. The Revolution of 1830 again sent her into exile. After her widowhood she took the name of Countess of Marnes, from an estate in her possession, and on the 18th of October, 1851, she died at the castle of Frohsdorff, in Germany.

A far different fate awaited the Dauphin. His story is one of sad interest. He is supposed to have died of the cruelties which he received from his brutal goalers in the Temple. But the deep obscurity which shrouded the last eighteen months of his life, and the mystery in which his death and burial were so strangely, and as it seemed, so studiously involved, have created doubts whether another child about his years was not substituted for him, and he sent away from the country. There is evidence of the extent of this feeling in

the fact that a number of pretenders have appeared in France to claim identity with him. But the most remarkable of these claims, and it would seem by far the best sustained, are those of the Reverend Eleazer Williams, now a missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church among the St. Regis Indians, in the northern part of the State of New York. Among the more prominent of these pretenders in France were Hervagault, who came forward within a few years after the revolution, Bruneau and Richemont afterwards, and Naundorf whose career was run during the reign of Louis Philippe. These attempts to personate the Dauphin, and the success which, for a time, attended them, may be taken as evidence of the uncertainty in which his closing days were involved, and also of the prevalence of the impression or feeling among the French people that he was still living.

In the latter part of the year 1852, M. de Beauchesne published in Paris a work in two volumes, entitled *Louis XVII., his Life, Sufferings, and Death*, and containing an account of the captivity

of the Royal Family in the Temple. Nearly simultaneously, there appeared in *Putnam's Monthly Magazine*, in New York, an article on the subject of the lost Bourbon, in which the author seeks to show that the Rev. Mr. Williams is the Prince, Louis XVII. In the former work, de Beauchesne has collected all the evidence that the fury of the revolution and the lapse of time might have spared, as to the authentic circumstances of his life and death. After an examination of these circumstances and proofs, it will be right to go over the ground taken by our American writer as respects the claims of Mr. Williams. All this will involve a somewhat detailed account of the captivity in the tower of the Temple.

Louis Charles, the second son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born at Versailles, on the 27th day of March, 1785, and received the title of the Duke of Normandy On the death of his elder brother, in 1789, he became heir apparent to the throne, but in fact heir to nothing but persecution, misfortune, and suffering. He is described

as a very beautiful child, with large blue eyes, delicate features, light curling hair, limbs well formed, rather tall for his years, and with a sweet expression of countenance, intelligent and vivacious.

It is worthy of remark, as showing the atrocious disregard, not merely of royal authority, but of the ordinary dictates of humanity, and the first feelings of nature, that within two hours after the death of the first Dauphin, the Chamber of the *Tiers-Etat* sent a deputation on business to the King, who had shut himself up in his private apartment to indulge his sorrow. When the King sent them word that his recent misfortune would prevent his receiving them on that day, they rudely insisted on their right of audience, as representatives of the people; and to their repeated and more peremptory requisitions, the unhappy father and insulted monarch was forced to yield, with the touching reproof, however, of asking—"Are there no *fathers* among them?" A month later the Bastille was taken, and on the 6th of October another insurrection stormed the palace of Versailles, mas

sacred the guards, and led the Royal Family in captivity to Paris. For three years they endured all the insults, persecutions, and outrages of captivity in the Tuileries, and then the terrible insurrection and massacre of the 10th of August occurred, which swept away the remains of monarchy, and consigned them to the prison of the Temple. This was an old fortress of the Knights Templar, built in the year 1212, and which had long remained uninhabited.

The National Assembly which had sent the King to prison, and the Convention which deposed him, seemed to the eyes of the world sufficiently audacious, tyrannical and brutal, but there was a power which exceeded them in all such qualities, and under which those terrible assemblies themselves quailed—and that was the *Commune*, or the Common Council of the city of Paris. To this body the Convention owed its existence, and its most prominent members their individual election. Inflated with its successes, it arrogated to itself a power insultingly independent of all other author-

ity or government. It was composed, with rare exceptions, of tradesmen of a secondary class, men only known even in their own low circles by the blind and noisy violence of their *patriotism*, as it was miscalled, by an earnest enmity to all that they called aristocracy, and by the most intense and ignorant prejudices against the persons and characters of the Royal Family. To the tender mercies of these vulgar, illiterate, and furious demagogues that family was delivered over. They assigned the tower of the Temple as the royal prison. They appointed from amongst themselves all the official authorities, who were selected for their brutality, and charged with the most capricious jealousy so as to ensure not merely the safe custody of the prisoners, but the wanton infliction of every kind of personal indignity. To the usurped but conceded supremacy of the Commune, and the vulgar habits and rancorous feeling of the majority of its members, may, doubtless, be more immediately attributed the otherwise inexplicable brutality of the keepers of the Temple Every

page of the histories of those mournful days and years, and especially in the account which the princess, Maria Theresa, has given to the world, exhibits proofs of the wanton outrages of the Commune and their tools.

Among their early official acts they established the following decrees:—"1. That Louis and Antoinette shall be separated. 2. That each prisoner shall have a separate dungeon. 3. That the valet-de-chambre shall be placed in confinement. 4. That Hébert shall be added to the five existing Commissaries. 5. That this decree shall be carried into effect this evening—immediately—even to taking from them the plate, and other table utensils. In a word, the General Council gives the Commissaries full power to do whatever their prudence may suggest for the safe custody of these hostages."

In virtue of this decree, the King was removed that night to the second story of the great tower, where no furniture had been prepared for his use but a temporary bed, while his servant sat up in a

chair. The separation of the rest of the family was postponed, and they were for some time permitted, not without difficulty, to take their meals with the King. This arrangement continued for a month, when the ladies and the children were transferred to an apartment immediately over the King's. Shortly afterwards, a fresh decree directed that the Dauphin should be removed from his mother's to his father's department, under the pretext that the boy was too old to be left in the hands of women. The real purpose, however, seems to have been, undoubtedly, to add to the afflictions and insults heaped upon the Queen.

For a short time after the whole family had been quartered in the great tower, though separated at night, and for the greater portion of the day, they were less unhappy. They had their meals together, and were allowed to meet in the garden, thoug always strictly watched and habitually insulted. They bore all such outrages with admirable patience, and found consolation in the exercise of whatever was still possible of their re-

spective duties. The King pursued a regular course of instruction for his son—in writing, arithmetic, geography, Latin, and the history of France—the ladies carried on the education of the young princess, and were reduced to the necessity of mending not only their own clothes, but even those of the King and prince; which, as they had each but one suit, Madame Elizabeth used to do after they were in bed.

This mode of life lasted some two months, when a new set of Commissaries were installed, who watched the prisoners day and night with increased rigor and insolence. At last, on the 11th of December, the young prince was taken back to the apartment of his mother. The King was summoned to the bar of the Convention, and, on his return in the evening, he was met by an order for his total separation from the whole of his family. The absurdity of such an order surprised, and its cruelty revolted, even *his* patience. He addressed a strong remonstrance to the Convention on this barbarous interdiction. But it was in vain for

him to think to move the stony heart of either the Convention or the Commune, so as to procure any mitigation of the cruel sentence. He might as well have appealed to the gloomy walls which shut him in from the light of heaven and the fellowship of his friends. He never saw any of his family again till the eve of the fatal 21st of January, when he died upon the scaffold under the eyes of an hundred thousand enemies.

X.

Marie Antoinette, Madam Elizabeth, and the Royal Children in the Temple.

OUR history has now brought us down to the *reign of Louis XVII.* The regency of his kingdom was assumed by his uncle, the Comte de Provençe, and he was proclaimed king by his title, by the armies of Condé and of La Vendée, and from all the principal courts of Europe with which France was not already at war, the republican envoys were at once dismissed. In short, he was king of France everwhere but in France. There he was the suffering victim of a series of personal privations and ill-usage, such as was never, perhaps, inflicted upon a child of his years, even in the humblest condition of life. After the death of the King, the family remained together in the Queen's apartment, but under increased super-

vision and jealousy. The only indulgence the prisoners received was the permission to put on mourning. When the Queen saw her children thus clad, she said,—"My poor children, you will wear it long, but I forever," and she never after left her own prison-room, even to take the air for the short interval allowed them, in the garden, because she could not bear to pass the door of the apartment which had been the King's.

The royal prisoners had now no other attendants but a low man of the name of Tison, and his wife, who had been originally sent to the Temple to do the meaner and the rougher household work. Their conduct at first had been decent, but at length their tempers became soured by their long confinement — for they were closely kept from seeing those without—and especially from being suddenly interdicted from receiving the visits of their daughter, to whom they were much attached. All these vexations they vented upon their unhappy prisoners. Tison was, moreover, as might be expected from the selection of

him for the service of the Temple, a zealous republican. He was, therefore, much offended with the sympathy which several of the municipals showed for the captives, and denounced them for conveying information between the prisoners and their friends without, and on these suspicions three persons were subsequently sent to the guillotine.

A more rigorous set of Commissaries were now installed by the infamous Hébert, and the Royal Family were subjected by them to new interrogations, searches, privations and indignities. Their condition became so miserable that even the Tisons were shocked at the mischief their denunciations had wrought, and both soon showed signs of repentance, especially the woman, who actually went mad from anxiety and remorse. She began by falling into a deep and restless melancholy, accusing herself of the crimes she had witnessed, and of the murders which she foresaw, of the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the Municipals who had been implicated by their accusations.

The derangement gradually amounted to fury, and she was, after some delay, removed to a madhouse. One of the strangest vicissitudes of this long tragedy was, that while the unhappy woman remained in the Temple, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth watched over, and endeavored, by their charitable care and consolations, to soothe the malady of their former persecutor.

It was about this time, the beginning of May, that the Dauphin fell sick, and the Queen solicited that M. Brunier, his ordinary physician, should be allowed to attend him. The Commissaries for several days not only disregarded, but laughed at this request. At last the case looked more serious, and was brought before the Council of the Commune, where, after two days debate, they decreed that it would be contrary to the principles of equality to allow him any other doctor than the one ordinarily attached to the prisons. This physician, M. Thierry, however, acted like a man of humanity and honor. He secretly consulted M. Brunier, who was acquainted with the child's constitution,

and for the three weeks that his attendance lasted, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, who never quitted the child's pillow, had every reason to be satisfied with M. Thierry.

This illness, though so serious that his sister, Maria Theresa, thought he had never entirely recovered from it, made no noise, and excited no interest among the people, for all other interests were at the moment absorbed in the great struggle between the Jacobins and the Girondists, which ended in the overthrow of the latter faction. Hitherto the Convention, busy with its internal conflicts, had left the Temple to the discretion of the Commune. But now it interposed directly, and a decree of the Committee of Public Safety directed the separation of the Dauphin from his mother, and his transfer to the hands of a tutor to be chosen by the Municipals.

It was ten o'clock at night. The sick child was sleeping in the uncurtained bed, over which his mother had hung a shawl to keep from his eyes the light by which she and his aunt were mending

forget God, who thus tries you, nor your mother, who loves you. Be good, patient, kind, and your father will look down from heaven and bless you.' Having said this, she kissed him, and handed him to the Commissaries, one of whom said—'Come, I hope you are done with your sermonizing — you have taxed our patience finely.' 'You might have spared your lesson,' said another, who dragged the boy out of the room. A third added—'Don't be uneasy—the nation, always great and generous, will take care of his education'; — and the door closed." *

That same night the young King was handed over to the tutelage and guardianship of the notorious Simon and his wife, whose obscure history forms an interesting episode in the story of the revolution.

Anthony Simon at this time was nearly sixty years old. He was above the middle size, stout built, of a very forbidding countenance, dark complexion, and a profusion of hair and whiskers; by

* Vol. II., p. 71.

trade a shoemaker, working in his own lodgings, which happened to be next door to Marat, in the Rue des Cordeliers, and close to the Club of the Cordeliers, of which he was a constant attendant. This neighborhood had inspired him with an outrageous degree of *Civism*, and procured his election into the Commune, whence he was delegated to be Commissary in the Temple. There the patronage of Marat, his own zeal in harassing the prisoners, and especially his activity in seconding the denunciations of the Tisons, procured him the office of tutor to the young King.

His wife, Mary Jane Aladame, was about the same age — very short, very thick, and very ill-favored. Both were illiterate, and in manners what might be expected in such people. Their pay for the guardianship of the young Capet was— says the decree of the Commune — to be the same as that of the Tisons' for their attendance on Capet senior, 500 francs (about one hundred dollars) a month. The tutor of the young King was to have the same wages as the household drudges of the

whole family. They were, moreover, subjected to the hard conditions—Simon of never losing sight of his prisoner, and both of never quitting the Tower for a moment, on any pretext whatever, without special permission, which was only, and rarely, granted to the wife.

At half-past ten on the night we have just described, the young King and his guardians were installed in the apartment of the Tower which had been the King's, his father, and which was now additionally strengthened, and rendered still more gloomy and uncomfortable, for the custody of the son. For the first two days he wept incessantly, would take no food, refused to go to bed, and never spoke but to call for his *mother*. He could not comprehend his position, nor why he was so treated; but on the third day, hunger, and the threats of Simon, reduced him to a kind of silent submission, which, however, did not mitigate the vexations with which his keeper began to discipline him into what he called *equality*, and which the poor child found to mean nothing but the most

degrading servitude to his task-master. Although the child was so ill during the months of June and July as to be under medical treatment, yet he was beaten by his inhuman jailer for every trifling offence. But even this did not subdue him, and he continued with a courage and intelligence above his age, to insist on being restored to his mother. But this only produced new violence, and new indignities of torture. It was evidently the purpose to get rid of him—either to put him to such sufferings as should wear out his life, or else to send him out of the country, meanwhile wreaking upon his innocent head all the diabolical malice which tortured their own hearts. The severity of Simon, therefore, grew more savage, and every untoward event without, among his own friends and patrons, increased his fury. He compelled the boy to wait upon him, and to perform the most menial task of drudgery. On one point only the young King's resistance was for a long time inflexible: he would not wear the *red cap*. He doubtless remembered the terrible riots of the year

before, when he was forced to assume this badge of republicanism, and he stoutly refused now to submit. In vain Simon scolded, threatened, and at last flogged him again; nothing would subdue him. At last the heart of the woman Simon melted, and she persuaded her husband to give over the contest. But while she could not bear to see the child beaten, she was willing enough that he should be insulted and degraded in every other way. His light curling ringlets had been a peculiar delight to his mother. These must be removed Madam Simon cut them close all round, and this seemed to disconcert and humble him more than blows or anything else; so that, after awhile, under the fresh inflictions of Simon, he was brought to endure the red cap with the rest of the hated costume of his enemies.

In the meanwhile, the demoralization of the child was zealously pursued by the Simons. He was forced to drink, taught to swear, and sing *patriotic*, that is to say, indecent and blasphemous songs. The most rigorous brutalities were in

flicted upon him. Strictly shut up in one dark room, with no distractions or amusements whatever, he had become so pitiable a picture of lassitude and despondency, that one of the persons employed about the Tower obtained Simon's consent to his having an artificial canary-bird, which, by an ingenious mechanism, fluttered its wings and sung a tune. He was so much pleased with this, that the same good-natured suggestion was made as to some real canaries, tamed and taught as they sometimes are. Still more gratified, he made an affectionate acquaintance with his feathered friends. But this was too aristocratical an indulgence. One of the Commissaries took offence at it—the machine and the living favorites were all sent away, and the weeping boy was left again in solitude, or still worse, the company of his morose and savage guardians, who never spoke to him but with harshness and insult.

In the midst of his degradation he had some memory, or perhaps dreamed of his former feelings and habits of piety. Simon detected him one night

kneeling in his bed, with his hands joined, and apparently saying his prayers. The impious wretch did not know whether the child was awake or asleep, but the superstitious attitude threw him into an extraordinary fury. He seized a pitcher of icy-cold water, and flung it over him, exclaiming, "I'll teach you to say your *Paternosters*, and to get up in the night like a *Trappist*." He struck him on the face with his iron-heeled shoe, and was only prevented beating him still more severely by the interposition of his wife. The child, shivering and sobbing, endeavored to escape from the wet mattrass by sitting on the pillow, but Simon dragged him down, and stretched him on the bed, swimming with water, and covering him with the wet clothes, forced him to lie in that state till morning. The shock and suffering endured that night seemed to have a permanent and enfeebling influence both on his mind and body. It entirely broke down his spirit, and confirmed, if it did not produce, the lingering malady from which he suffered at last so intensely.

On the 19th of January, 1794, the Simons were removed from their place in charge of the Temple On taking their departure, the wife said, with a tone of kindness.—"Farewell, Capet: I know not when I may see you again." Simon interrupted her with a malediction upon the poor child, whom he addressed with some of his peculiar insulting epithets. But this riddance did not improve his condition. His active persecutors were gone, but he was left to privations worse than inflictions—to cold, to darkness, solitary confinement, cruel neglect and filth, to a regimen which even the strongest bodies and the most determined spirits have been found unable to endure. He was confined to a single room, with one window, close-barred, which admitted only a small degree of oblique light, and was never opened for ventilation. Here he was left to himself, seeing no one, and dreading to call, or make known his wants, lest his persecutions should be increased. His sister, in her memoirs of these times, has drawn a horrible and yet most affecting picture of his condition and sufferings. She says:—

"Unheard of and unexampled barbarity! to leave an unhappy and sickly infant of eight years old in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him; he preferred wanting anything and everything to calling for his persecutors. His bed had not been stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself; it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His linen and his person were covered with them. For more than a year he had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate about him, and in his room; and during all that period nothing of that kind had been removed. His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened, and the infectious smell of that horrid room was so dreadful that no one could bear it for a moment. He might, indeed, have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself somewhat more clean than he did; but, over-

whelmed by the ill-treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for anything, so great was his dread of Simon and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time which he resisted this persecution proves how good his constitution must have originally been." *

The fall of Robespierre, on the 28th of July, 1794, which opened the prison doors of so many other innocent victims, did not liberate the Dauphin and his sister, though it alleviated, in some respects, their personal sufferings. A single guardian of the name of Laurent took the place of the Commissaries of the Commune. He was a man of some degree of education, good manners and humanity, and he appealed earnestly to the govern-

* Royal Mem., p. 256.

ment for an immediate examination into the condition of his charge. His request was granted, and the investigation undertaken. The poor child was found in a deplorable state of filth, disease, and debility. The attendance of medical men was ordered at once, and something was done for his relief. Air and light were admitted into his room. He was washed and combed, and clad in clean garments. An iron bedstead and clean bedding were supplied. His sores were dresssed, and after some days he was removed, on the recommendation of his physician, into another room, better lighted and ventilated. Under the more humane and kindly treatment of Laurent, his condition was every way improved, but Laurent's tastes and feelings were very repugnant to his duties as gaoler, and he therefore solicited that his resignation be accepted. The Prince in parting with him pressed his hand affectionately, and saw his departure with evident sorrow, but does not seem to have spoken. Indeed, for several weeks he had scarcely, if at all, spoken to any one, and when

Lasne, the successor of Laurent, took his place in the Tower, he continued as mute to him as he had been to others. With Lasne the Commune had associated a man of the name of Gomin, and they were equally responsible for the safety of both the prisoners, though the latter was chiefly in attendance upon the Princess. Seeing that the Prince's health was rapidly failing, they agreed together to inscribe upon the register of the proceedings of the Temple,—"The little Capet is indisposed." No notice being taken of this entry, they repeated it in a day or two, in more positive terms,—"The little Capet is dangerously ill." This even did not gain attention, and they now wrote that "his life is in danger." This produced an order for the attendance of M. Desault, one of the most eminent physicians of Paris. He examined the child, but could not obtain a word from him. He pronounced, however, that he was called in too late—that the case had become scrofulous, and advised his removal to the country, as the only chance of prolonging his life. The Government desired

no such result, and paid no attention to the advice.

Desault, therefore, ordered such remedies and appliances as he judged most promising under the circumstances. His treatment continued for three weeks, without affecting any material change in his condition, when Desault suddenly died. A death so sudden, and at such a critical moment, gave rise to a thousand conjectures, the most general of which was that he had died from poison administered by his employers in order to conceal some schemes which they were carrying into execution.

We now approach the closing scenes in the life of this child, as given us in the narrative of M. Beauchesne. It is alleged, however, be it remembered, that this was not the Dauphin who died in the Temple, but that another child was substituted for him, while he was conveyed away still living. We shall investigate this question when we come to speak of the claims of Mr. Williams, whose extraordinary history is so singularly identified

with that of Louis XVII. in a recent American work.*

His physician, Pelletan, finding him so much worse, on the 7th of June had a consultation with M. Dumangin. They decided that there were no longer any hopes—that art could do nothing—and that all that remained was to mitigate the sufferings of this lingering death. They expressed indignant astonishment at the solitude and neglect to which the boy was subjected during the whole of every night and the greater part of every day, and insisted upon the immediate necessity of his being provided with a suitable nurse. The Committee consented, but on that night he was again locked up alone. He felt it more than usual, and took leave of Gomin with big tears running down his face, saying,—"Still alone, and my mother in that other tower."

It was the last night of the poor child's sufferings. The next day, the 8th of June, he ceased to suffer.

* The Lost Prince, &c., by John H. Hanson. New York G. P. Putnam & Co., 1854.

XI.

The Dauphin not Dead.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, in his Autobiographical Sketches, uses the following language on the question of the death of the Dauphin, as detailed in history, and especially in the work of Beauchesne, and the new claims then recently put forward in this country:—

"A new and most extraordinary interest has begun to invest his (Louis XVII.) tragical story in this very month of April, 1853; at least, it is now first brought before universal Christendom. In the monthly journal of Putnam—published in New York—the number for April contains a most interesting memoir upon the subject, signed J. H Hanson. Naturally, it indisposed most readers to put faith in any fresh pretensions of this nature, that, at least, one false Dauphin had been pro-

nounced such, by so undeniable a judge as the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Meantime, it is made probable enough, by Mr. Hanson, that the true Dauphin did not die in the year 1795, at the Temple, but was personated by a boy unknown; that two separate parties have an equal interest in sustaining this fraud, and did sustain it; but one would hesitate to believe whether, at the price of murdering a celebrated physician, that they had the Prince conveyed secretly to an Indian settlement in Lower Canada, as a situation in which French being the prevailing language, would attract no attention, as it must have done in most parts of North America: that the boy was educated and trained as a missionary clergyman; and finally, that he is now acting in that capacity, under the name of Eleazar Williams, perfectly aware of the royal prentensions put forward in his behalf, but equally, through age (being about sixty-nine) and through absorption in spiritual views, indifferent to these pretensions. It is admitted, on all hands, that the Prince de Joinville

had an interview with Eleazar Williams a dozen years since; the Prince alleges through mere accident, but this seems improbable; and Mr. Hanson is likely to be right in supposing this visit to have been a preconcerted one, growing out of some anxiety to test the reports current, so far as they were grounded upon resemblances in Mr. Williams' features to those of the Bourbon and Austrian families. The most pathetic fact is that of the idiocy common to the Dauphin and Mr. Eleazar Williams. It is clear, from all the most authentic accounts of the young Prince, that idiocy was, in reality, stealing over him; due, doubtless, to the *stunning* nature of the calamities that overwhelmed his family; to the removal from him, by tragical deaths, in so rapid succession, of the Princess de Lamballe, of his aunt, of his father, of his mother, and others whom he most had loved; to his cruel separation from his sister; and to the astounding (for him naturally incomprehensible) change that had come over the demeanor and the language of nearly all the people placed

about the persons of himself and his family. An idiocy resulting from what must have seemed a causeless and demoniac conspiracy, would be more likely to melt away under the sudden transfer to kindness and the gaiety of forest life, than any idiocy belonging to original organic imbecility. Mr. Williams describes his own confusion of mind as continuing up to his fourteenth year, and all things which had happened, in earlier years, as gleaming through clouds of oblivion, and as painfully perplexing; but otherwise, he shows no desire to strengthen the pretensions made for himself by any reminiscences piercing these clouds, that could point specially to France, or to royal experiences."*

This statement suggests the substance of what we shall present somewhat more in detail, in a resumé of the evidence which Mr. Hanson has furnished, with great fairness and ability, in his recently published work entitled the LOST PRINCE, &c.

* Autobiog. Sketches, i. 330.

It is fairly demonstrated that Louis XVII. did not die in the Temple, as alleged, but that another child was substituted for him, who did die there on the 8th of June, 1795.

Several months previous to this date, the Convention had debated, frequently and earnestly, the question what should be done with the royal children. While the young King remained in Paris, it was certain that the royalists would not acquiesce in the existing order of things, and therefore it was proposed that he should be sent into exile. Against this it was argued that if he were exiled the very act and fact of his expulsion would prepare the way for his restoration to the throne of his fathers. Meanwhile, a secret treaty had been made with Charette, the leader of the army in Vendée, in which it was stipulated by the government that the Dauphin and his sister should be surrendered to him, and the day agreed upon was the 13th of June.

At the same time the Duke de Provence—afterwards Louis XVIII.—the uncle of the Dauphin—

who had proclaimed himself regent, was intriguing, in every way, to outwit the Convention, and prepare the way for his own accession to the throne. For this purpose he had spies and agents scattered throughout France, and busy in Paris, and even in the very Tower of the Temple. Lasne and Gomin, the guardians of the children, were undoubtedly in his interests. He, too, was desirous of getting rid of the Dauphin, for he was the only obstacle in the way of his ambition. But neither he nor the government were willing to imbue their hands in his innocent blood, if the object could be otherwise attained. The theory of the escape of the young King supposes, therefore, that the Duke de Provence had secured the fidelity of his keepers, and the appointment, also, of such Commissaries as were pledged to his interests.

In pursuance of their plans, it was announced by his guardians that Louis was dangerously ill, as preparatory to the report of his death, which was to cover up his escape. On the 6th of May, Desault, the chief surgeon in France, and most

eminent in his profession, was appointed to have the care of the Prince. He entered upon his duties, and made an examination of his case. He found that in consequence of his long confinement and neglect in the poisoned atmosphere and horrible filth of his prison, and his inhuman treatment and unwholesome food, tumors were formed on both his knees, both his wrists, and both his elbows. He questioned him, but was unable to obtain any answer.

It is worthy of observation that the mind of the Dauphin was so enfeebled by suffering, and terror, and privation, that he ceased to notice anything going on around him for weeks before his alleged death, and rarely, if ever, spoke to any one. His sister, who derived her knowledge from Gomin, has left it on record that he "suffered from the effects of the cruel treatment that had so long been exercised towards him, and showed symptoms of increasing weakness." And again, that "the horrible treatment of which he was the victim, gradually affected his mind, and even had he lived it

is probable he never would have recovered from the effects of it." Lamartine says,—"They had brutalized him not only to dethrone him, but to deprive him even of his childish innocence and human intelligence." In a word, the brutal Simons of the Temple had made an idiot of him.

It was to such a patient that Desault was called. There is no evidence that he considered his case hopeless, or even dangerous, under proper treatment. Indeed, it is clear enough that he thought otherwise. He ordered simple remedies, and as the Duchess d'Angoulême says, "undertook to cure him." He expressed no apprehensions to the Commissaries, or in his conversations with others. According to the testimony of Beauchesne, Desault's opinion was that in his case there was only a germ of a scrofulous affection, but that this disease had scarcely affected his constitution, or shown any violent symptom, and that the swellings on his joints were not scrofulous. He was only suffering from confinement and bad treatment, and would readily recover if removed to the country,

where he could enjoy fresh air, and wholesome exercise. So little apprehension or anxiety was felt by his physician that he did not ask a consultation with any other, but continued his simple treatment through the month of May up to the time of his last visit.

About the first of June a new actor entered upon the scene, and M. Desault quitted it forever. He died suddenly, and it was said by poison. His medical pupil, M. Abeillé, believed that he was taken off by poison, and so declared his conviction. As the appointed physician of the Dauphin, knowing him well, and warmly attached to the royal family, his knowledge, and character, and fidelity would be inconveniently in the way of such schemes as were then working themselves out under the management of the Duke de Provence, and very opportunely, therefore, at all events, he died just as M. Bellanger made his appearance on the stage where this strange drama was enacting. This man was an artist, and had been employed by the Duke de Provence to design and paint his

cabinet. He was introduced into the Tower and spent a day with the young King, in sketching his likeness, and in seeking to interest and amuse him with his pictures. What else occurred on that day, and how and when M. Bellanger left the Temple, does not appear. There can be no doubt, however, but that Bellanger was the agent of the Duke, and that the keepers of the Tower were also in his interests, and that within and without the Temple there were creatures, and confidants, and spies of De Provence, rendering it not only possible, but extremely easy, to remove the Dauphin, and leave in his place a dying child of about his years, and of nearly similar personal appearance. There is every probability that this was done, and it is a remarkable and significant fact, that from the 31st of May, the day Bellanger spent in the Tower, until the 5th of June, there is no record of anything connected with the Dauphin, and what transpired in his prison. On the last-mentioned day Pelletan received his appointment as physician to the Dauphin, and on his first visit on the same

evening, he found the child in such a state that he immediately demanded a consultation with some other physician who might share with him the responsibility of the case. It must be noted that Pelletan was entirely unacquainted with the Dauphin, and had never seen him.

In the meanwhile, a great change had taken place in the patient, as regards his mind and habits. Desault found the Dauphin entirely listless and unobservant, and stupid as an idiot, and it was not until after weeks of kind attention and many efforts to win him, that he succeeded in gaining from him the slightest notice. But, on the contrary, the patient whom Pelletan found in the Tower appeared lively and sociable, and began to converse with him, although a stranger, without waiting even to be spoken to. This child, as is evident from the testimony of those who saw him before his death, as well as from the *Procès Verbal* of his physicians who made the post mortem examination of the body, was suffering from a scrofulous disease, which had long been undermining

his constitution, and had, beyond all doubt, reached an advanced state weeks before, when Desault declared that in the case of the Dauphin there was only the taint of scrofula, and that it had not affected the constitution.

n the 8th of June this child died. Let it be noted that the surgeons who made the post mortem examination had been strangers to the Dauphin hitherto, and unacquainted with his person. They could not, therefore, certify to his death, nor did they assert that this was the body of the Dauphin. They simply examined the condition of the body which they were told was his, and made a declaration as to the state in which they found it as regards the disease which was the cause of death. The only documentary evidence, therefore, of the identity of the body, is the testimony of Lasne and Gomin, and they, beyond doubt, were the creatures of the Duke de Provence, between whom and the succession to the throne of France there stood only the Dauphin.

Having shown that it was possible to effect the

removal of the young King, and to place a dying child in the prison, we now proceed to consider the proofs that this was done.

On the day when his death occurred in the Temple, the Committee of General Safety discovered the escape of the Dauphin, and they were then employed at the very hour that the child was dying, in sending out agents to intercept the fugitives. "The great fact of the escape of the Dauphin from the Temple is well established by the archives of the police, where is still preserved the order sent out to the departments to arrest, on every high road in France, any travellers bearing with them a child of eight years or thereabouts, as there had been an escape of royalists from the Temple. This order bears date June 8, 1795, the very day of the death of the child in the Temple." In obedience to this order, some arrests were actually made, but no Dauphin was discovered. He had been carried off several days previously, and thus got the start of the Committee and their couriers.

Another significant fact going to prove the escape, is, that after the accession of the Duke de Provence to the throne as Louis XVIII., and the establishment of the royal family in Paris, funeral honors were paid to the memory of all the Bourbons who had perished since the beginning of the revolution, but there were no funeral solemnities for Louis XVII. The remains of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghein, murdered by the order of Napoleon, were taken from the moat of the Chateau of Vincennes, and placed in a chapel fitted up for the purpose by the Duchesse d'Angoulême. To this chapel she went once a week to pray for the repose of his soul.

Efforts were also made to discover the remains of Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette, and the Princess Elizabeth. They had been buried with the indiscriminate victims who fell about that time, in the cemetery of the Madeleine, and every care had been taken to destroy them, and prevent their being afterwards exhumed and identified. But some remains were found which were represented

as those of the royal personages, and these were publicly and solemnly carried to St. Denis, and yet nothing was done to honor the ashes, and consecrate the memory of Louis XVII. The child that died in the Temple was buried in a well-known spot, and no efforts had been made to destroy his remains, as in other cases, or to prevent their identification. His sister, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, had manifested great respect and affection for the ashes of her cousin, the Duc d'Enghein, and it would seem probable and but natural that she would exhibit at least as much affection for her brother, the innocent and suffering child who had shared her captivity, and with whom she had passed through such memorable scenes of anguish and terror. But the truth is that the Duchesse did not believe that he died in the Temple. On the contrary, she knew that he escaped; she knew he was still living, as she afterwards plainly and unequivocally declared.

Nor did it escape notice and observation at the time, that this omission of all respect to the mem-

ory of the Dauphin was remarkable and significant. The public speculated upon the fact, and it was everywhere talked of as evidence that the Dauphin was living. But these speculations and suspicions were allayed and forgotten by the stirring events of 1815, when Napoleon again returned to France, and the Bourbons were forced to make their escape. The hundred days passed however, and Louis XVIII. entered the capital once more in triumph. When public affairs had again become settled, the question again stirred the public mind —why has nothing been done to honor the memory of the martyred Dauphin? Consequently, a law was passed by the two Chambers, providing that a monument should be erected in the name of the nation, and at the public expense, to the memory of Louis XVII. A royal ordinance was issued by the King for the erection of this monument in the church of the Madeleine, and a distinguished sculptor employed to furnish the design and execute it. An epitaph was also prepared to be inscribed upon the monument, and at length it

seemed that the young King's sufferings and death were to be appropriately commemorated. But, after all this, the law was not carried into effect, no monument was erected, no inscription marked the resting-place of the Dauphin, to tell to the passer-bthey virtues, the cruel sufferings, and the lamented death of Louis XVII.

It has been stated that the Duchesse d'Angoulême knew that her brother had escaped from the Temple, and was still living. It is not our purpose to enter into the details of the evidence which Mr. Hanson has given. For them we refer the reader to his book. But it may be here stated that in the affidavit procured from Mrs. Brown of New Orleans, there is clear evidence that the Duchesse believed and knew that her brother was living in the year 1806 or 1807. Mrs. Brown was formerly the wife of Joseph Deboit, the secretary to the Count d'Artois, who, at one period, resided at Holyrood House, in Edinburgh. In consequence of the situation of her husband in the Bourbon family, Mrs. Brown knew well,

and intimately, the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Her husband had told her of the escape of the Dauphin, and that he was still living in America. She, therefore, "asked the Duchesse her opinion respecting her brother's fate. The Duchesse replied that she knew he was alive, and safe in America."

With this knowledge on the part of his sister, and his uncle, the King, it is easy to reconcile the otherwise inexplicable facts just narrated, in regard to the refusal and neglect to pay funeral honors to the Dauphin, and to erect a monument to his memory. Everything thus far ascertained from the public and private history of the times, leads inevitably to the conclusion that the Dauphin did not die, as alleged, in the Temple, but that he was safely carried off.

XII.

The Dauphin Brought to America. Eleazar Williams.

IN the further investigation of this interesting historical problem, we are led to the conclusion that Louis XVII., after his removal from the Temple, was brought over to this country, and by the very Commissary, M. Bellanger, who was with him in his prison one day about the first of June, endeavoring to interest and amuse him with his drawings which he had carried with him for that purpose. A writer in Putnam's Monthly —February, 1854—says:

"We do not claim for this proposition anything more than the sum of probabilities which arise from previous and subsequent history. From the nature of the transaction, as a secret mission, we do not expect to find the name of the ship, or a

history of the voyage, or a publicly authenticated record of the names of the persons in charge of the child. What is certain is, that the ambitious and unscrupulous Duke de Provence found his brother, Louis XVI., and the Dauphin, in his path to the throne of France; that he connived at the Revolution, so far as it tended to remove his brother out of the way; that, without authority of law or precedent, he set up his own court, and issued his proclamations as Regent, after his brother was beheaded; that the Dauphin was still in his way; that Desault, the most eminent physician of France, had been in attendance on the Dauphin for nearly the whole of the month of May—and let it be known that, although he found the Dauphin suffering under mental imbecility, and tumors on the knees and wrists, as the result of long confinement and bad treatment, he did not consider his physical constitution essentially impaired, or his life in danger; that consequently, it was naturally expected the Dauphin would be restored to health under the treatment

of Desault; that Desault, when asked one day, on leaving his patient, if he thought the child would die, expressed himself in a low voice, that he feared there were those who wished him dead; that Desault died on the 31st of May, in a mysterious manner, and that Abeillé, his pupil, said he was poisoned; that the Duke de Provence intrigued successfully to get his own tools in and about the Temple, till they had possession and control of the person of the Dauphin; that Bellanger, his employé in the arts of painting and design, obtained the place of the Commissary of the Temple, under the Convention, surrounded by his associates in and outside of the prison; that he was alone with the Dauphin a whole day, including a night, seeking and succeeding to amuse the child with specimens of his art; and that on the 8th of June, the very day when the child in the Temple died, the whole police of France was put on the *qui vive*, by order of agents of the Convention, to arrest any travellers on the high roads, bearing a child with them of eight years old or

more, as some of the royal family had escaped from the Temple."

In the year 1795 a French family, consisting of a gentleman, lady, and two children, arrived at Albany, directly from France. They called themselves De Jardin, or De Jourdan. The man and woman were not considered to be husband and wife, and there was something mysterious in regard to the children, who were kept closely in the house, and never taken out in public. The girl was the elder, and was called Louise. The boy, some nine or ten years of age, was called simply, Monsieur Louis. About this child there was something peculiar. On one occasion a lady now living called with her mother on Madame de Jardin, and was introduced into the room where the children were. The girl was affable, and lively, and accessible, while the boy seemed shy, and silent, paying no attention to the others who were enjoying themselves together after the manner of children, but keeping himself aloof from them. The lady represented herself as maid-of-honor to

Marie Antoinette, from whom she was separated as the royal family were going to their prison in the Temple. After remaining a short time in Albany, the De Jardins suddenly disappeared, leaving no clue to their business or their destination.

During the same year there appeared on the hunting-grounds of the Iroquois, near Lake George, two Frenchmen, one of them apparently a Romish priest, having with them a sickly boy, in a state of mental imbecility, whom they left among the Indians. An aged and respectable Indian chief now living, was present when this occurred. Being well acquainted with the French language, he conversed with these strangers, and learned that the boy was born in France. That boy was adopted by Thomas Williams, an Iroquois chief.

In addition to this, there are several minor circumstances which, taken in connection with other ascertained facts, go to show that the Dauphin was brought to this county. The royal family of France have always known and believed this.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême positively declared it to the wife of the secretary of the Count d'Artois, and that lady, Mrs. Brown, has repeatedly mentioned it during the last fifteen years, in speaking of her own eventful history. In the year 1848, a paragraph appeared in a southern paper to the effect that an aged and respectable French gentleman named Bellanger died in New Orleans, who made the disclosure on his death-bed that he was the person who aided the escape of the Dauphin from the Temple, that he brought him to America and placed him among the Indians, by whom he was adopted, and that this person was now living, and know as Eleazar Williams, a missionary among the Oneida Indians. This — if the story be true—must have been the same Bellanger who was admitted into the Temple as a Commissary on the 1st of June, and who was also spoken of by the Duchesse d'Angoulême in her communications on the subject with Mrs. Brown, the wife of the secretary of the Count d'Artois.

And this brings us down to the year 1841, and

to the disclosures which were made to Mr. Williams on the subject, by the Prince de Joinville. That the Prince knew of the existence, and position, and employments of Mr. Williams long before his interviews with him, is perfectly evident. He made inquiries for him and about him in New York before he set out on his journey westward, and on the way, and especially of the commander of the steamer in which he made the passage from Buffalo.

It was in October, 1841, that Mr. Williams first met the Prince de Joinville. He was then on his way to Green Bay, and was awaiting at Mackinac the arrival of the steamer which was to convey him thither. The Prince was on board this steamer, and on reaching Mackinac he went ashore, with his suite, to visit some natural curiosities in the neighborhood. While waiting for the return of this distinguished party, Captain Shook, the commander of the steamer, told Mr. Williams that the Prince had been making inquiries of him concerning a Rev. Mr. Williams. After they were all on

board, and fairly under way again, the Captain again approached Mr. Williams, and said to him that the Prince desired to become acquainted with him. To this he willingly assented, of course, and Captain Shook returned, bringing the prince with him. The introduction was remarkable in that the Prince de Joinville "not only started with evident and involuntary surprise when he saw Mr. Williams, but there was a great agitation in his face and manner, a slight paleness and a quivering of the lip," which was remarked at the time, and which was noticed both by Mr. Williams and Captain Shook. During the remainder of the voyage the attention and respect shown by the Prince to the humble missionary, seemed to be noticed not only by the passengers, but also by the attendants of the Prince.

Much conversation occurred between the parties and filled up the remaining hours of the passage, until they landed at Green Bay. The conversation turned chiefly on the French settlements in America, and the loss of the French possessions in Can-

ada, and such kindred topics in which the Prince might be supposed to take an interest.

On their arrival at Green Bay, the Prince requested Mr. Williams to give him a private interview, as he had some matters of great importance to communicate to him. Accordingly, Mr. Williams repaired to the Prince's lodgings in the evening, and was received by him alone. He then proceeded, after exacting from him a pledge of secrecy, to make the disclosures of his royal birth, telling him that he was the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette—the Dauphin—the King, Louis XVII. "The Prince also laid before him a document for his signature, the purport of which was a solemn abdication of the crown of France in favor of Louis Philippe, by Charles Louis, the son of Louis XVI.," "with a minute specification, in legal phraseology, of the conditions, and considerations, and provisos, upon which the abdication was made. These conditions were, in brief, that a princely establishment should be secured to him either in this country or in France at his option,

and that Louis Philippe would pledge himself on his part to secure the restoration, or an equivalent for it, of all the private property of the royal family rightfully belonging to him, which had been confiscated in France during the Revolution, or in any way got into other hands."

Mr. Williams' decision, after long and painful consideration, was that he would not alienate the rights which pertained to him by birth, and sacrifice the interests of his family; and he, therefore, refused to put his name to the document.

The mission of the Prince de Joinville, by whatever motives or policy it was prompted, failed; and when the account of his overtures was made public, it would, of course, be denied. There were no witnesses—the interview was private—the document was retained in the hands of the Prince, and there were no means by which Mr. Williams could verify the statements which he had made. As might have been expected, the Prince did deny the account when it reached him; but with a lack of wisdom and foresight, he said too much in his

denial, and several witnesses of most credible character came forward and impeached his statements. They proved that he not only stated what was false, but what he knew to be untrue. And the consequence has been, that his denial has served to strengthen the claims of Mr. Williams. Like the work of Beauchesne, which was designed to prove the death of the Dauphin in the Temple, and which, by proving too much, made it certain that he did not die there, but escaped, so the Prince de Joinville's denial of the statements of Mr. Williams as to what took place between them at their interview at Green Bay, renders it more probable, if not absolutely certain, that what Mr. Williams says is entirely true.

Now let us add to this, other facts which have been discovered, having a bearing upon this question of the identity of Mr. Williams and Louis [illegible]. Mrs. Brown of New Orleans, for several years an inmate of the royal family in their exile, and intimate with the Duchesse d'Angoulême, testifies that in the year 1817, she was living in the

same house with Mrs. Chamberlaw, wife to the Secretary of the Count de Coigny, who had lived with the Count de Provence during his residence in Edinburgh. Mrs. Chamberlaw told her that some time before, she had heard in the Tuileries that the Dauphin was alive, that a man named Bellanger had carried him to Philadelphia, and that he was then known by the name of Williams. She adds, that she thinks that the Christian name was Eleazar. Mrs. Chamberlaw also told her that Williams was a missionary among the Indians, and that the royal family said he was incompetent to reign, and his accession to the throne would only complicate the difficulties of the times, and prejudice, still more, the interests of the Bourbons.

Again, Mr. George Sumner, a brother of the United States Senator from Massachusetts, happened to meet, in the year 1846, at Brest, one of the officers who was in the suite of the Prince de Joinville, during his visit to Green Bay. The conversation turning upon that visit, he told Mr. Sumner, looking cautiously round, as he spoke,—"that there

was something very singular in the American trip of the Prince, who went out of his way to meet an old man among the Indians, who had very much of a Bourbon aspect, and who was spoken of as the son of Louis XVI."

There is another fact which has a bearing upon this problem, and that is that an affidavit was procured in March, 1853, from the reputed Indian mother of Mr. Williams, in which she is represented as testifying that he is her son, and that she knows his pretensions to be the Dauphin are false. This affidavit was procured by the Rev. Mr. Marcoux, a Romish priest at St. Regis, where Mrs. Williams resides. He acted as interpreter—she not understanding English—and put the questions to her in the Indian language, and then translated them into the English. Subsequently to the making of this affidavit, which was sent to France, and thence transmitted to this country, and published, she was again called upon by a friend of Mr. Hanson's, and she then denied the main statements of her former affidavit, and declared that

she was not his mother, but that Eleazar Williams was her *adopted son*, and that the priest, Marcoux, had falsified her statement, — that he had put words into her mouth which she never uttered—and thus demonstrating that—for some reason or another—there were parties interested in opposing the claims of Mr. Williams. The crime of which Marcoux was guilty is *subornation of perjury*, and for a crime of such blackness there must have been a motive.

But aside from this kind of testimony, there are certain personal marks and evidences about Mr. Williams which correspond, in a wonderful manner, with what the Dauphin must exhibit, if alive. He is evidently not an Indian, or of Indian blood. Personal examinations made by our most distinguished physicians, prove this. As evidently he is of European descent, and French. He bears a striking resemblance to the Bourbon family, as testified by artists, and others familiar with the pictures of that family. The formation of the lower jaw, and ears, the shape of the nose, the

color of the eyes, the neck and head,—in fine, the whole person of Mr. Williams answers exactly, and in minute particulars, to the features and form which must have belonged to the Dauphin, if he grew to the stature of manhood. The Chevalier Fagnani, who was personally acquainted with the Sicilian and Spanish Bourbons, who are closely allied with those of France, and of whom he has painted no less than ten portraits, bears the following testimony:—

"When I first saw Mr. Williams, I was more particularly impressed with his resemblance to the portraits of Louis XVI. and XVIII., and the general Bourbonic outline of his face and head. As I conversed with him, I noticed several physiognomical details, which rendered the resemblance to the family more striking. The upper part of his face is decidedly of a Bourbon cast, while the mouth and lower part resemble the house of Hapsburg. I also observed, to my surprise, that many of his gestures were similar to those peculiar to the Bourbon race."

There are other marks about the person of Mr. Williams, such as scars on his knees, wrists, and elbows, and over his left eye, and inoculation marks on his arm, which tend to identify him with the Dauphin.

But as it is not our purpose to go over the whole ground of argument, but simply to indicate its range and extent, with the expectation that the reader will seek fuller information in the book of Mr. Hanson, we shall leave the subject here, not, however, without expressing our interest in this great problem, and our belief that enough has already been shown of the claims of Mr. Williams, in the book to which we are indebted for this information, to make it, at least, highly probable that in the person of the Rev. Eleazar Williams exists Louis XVII.

XIII.

Charlotte Corday.

AS the tide of Revolution rolled on, wildly sweeping away the last vestiges of social order and security, it happened that the ascendancy was acquired by Marat, as the influence of the other leaders declined, and power and place passed over from one faction to another. The estimate which Marat placed upon himself and the motives by which he was governed in the headlong career of madness and carnage whose end was steeped in his own blood—appears in the following address of his which was published in the "Friend of the People":—

"I pray my readers to pardon me if I speak today of myself, for it is neither through vanity nor fatuity, but a desire of being more serviceable to the public welfare. How can it be a crime in me

to show myself in my true colors, when the enemies of liberty unceasingly represent me as a madman, a cannibal, a tiger thirsting for blood, in order to prevent my doing good? Born with a sensitive heart, a fiery imagination, a frank and impetuous character, a right mind, a heart that eagerly drank in all exalted passions, especially the love of glory; brought up in my father's house with the tenderest care, I arrived at manhood without having ever abandoned myself to the fury of my passions. At twenty-one years of age I was pure, and had long given myself up to study and meditation.

"I owe to nature the stamp of my character, but it is to my mother I owe the development of my character; and she it was who implanted in my heart the love of justice and humanity. All the alms she bestowed on the poor passed through my hands, and the accent of interest with which she addressed them inspired me, at an early age, with pity equal to her own. At eight years of age I could not bear the sight of any ill-treatment

exercised towards any of my fellow creatures, and the sight of cruelty and injustice excited my anger as though it had been a personal outrage.

"During my early youth my body was feeble; and I never knew the joy, the heedlessness, or the sports of children. Docile and studious, my masters obtained everything from me by kindness; I never was punished but once: I was then eleven years of age; the punishment was unjust. I had been shut up in my room; I opened the widow and sprang out into the street.

"At this age the love of glory was my principal passion. At five years I should have wished to be a schoolmaster; at fifteen, a professor; at eighteen, an author; at twenty, a creative genius; as I now am ambitious of the glory of immolating myself for my country. Thoughtful from my youth, mental labor has become my only want, even during illness. My choicest pleasures have been found in meditation; in those peaceful moments when the mind contemplates with admiration the spectacle of the heavens, or when it seems

to listen in silence, and weigh in the balance the real felicity of the vanity of human grandeur, pierce the sombre future, inquire the fate of man beyond the tomb, and consider with restless curiosity eternal destiny. I have passed five-and-twenty years in retirement and in the persual and consideration of the best authors, on morals, philosophy, and policy, in order to deduce the wisest conclusions. In eight volumes of metaphysics, twenty of physical sciences, I have been actuated by a sincere desire of being useful to humanity ; a holy respect for the truth, and the knowledge of how limited is human wisdom. The quacks of the *Corps Scientifique*, d'Alembert, Condorcet, La Place, Lalande, Monge, Lavoisier wish to be alone, and I could not even pronounce the titles of my works. During five years I groaned beneath this cowardly oppression, when the Revolution announced herself by the Convocation of the States General. I soon saw whither things were tending, and I began to entertain the hope of at length beholding humanity avenged, of aiding in burst-

ing her fetters, and of mounting to my right place.

"This was but a bright dream, and it was ready to dissipate. A cruel illness threatened to hurry me to the tomb; but unwilling to quit this life without having done something for humanity, I composed on my bed of pain the *Offering to the People.* Restored to health, I only thought how I could be useful to the cause of freedom; and yet they accuse me of having sold myself,— I who could amass millions by merely selling my silence, and I am in poverty and want."

There is something mournful in the spectacle of a man influenced, perverted and misled by a superior intellect, and his restless energies and activities employed under such domination, in the work of mischief. It is sad enough when an honest, but insane fanaticism impels a man to deeds of injustice or cruelty. But when we see the leader — the master-mind,— the controlling spirit and impulse of a revolution in which carnage, and lust, and every crime are let loose upon

society, then our feelings are not of pity and compassionate sympathy but of indignant and outraged humanity. The emotion of sorrow and pity passes away into the feeling of contempt and horror. We cease to compassionate; we learn to feel the impulse of revenge, the deep, stern passion of hate.

Such a monster of crime was Marat. His life was humble and laborious, and his poverty was real, his daily subsistence depending upon his writing. Unceasing mental exertion carried on through the day, and a large portion of the night, ill health, restless activities, a demoniac hatred of the existing order of society, and a boundless ambition to rule,— all these kept his mind in a perpetual fever of unrest, and inflamed his blood to such a pitch that nothing but the flowing blood of those he accounted enemies could cool its raging fires. His ill health frequently kept him confined to his bed, but even there he was constantly and eagerly working onwards to the end. He wrote with great facility and rapidity, and his inflam-

matory addresses and appeals were printed, scattered, and posted throughout Paris. He had no repose, no intervals of relaxation, no seasons, and no disposition for calm reflection, when he might weigh, and consider, and balance, one against the other, the great principles and interests which formed the subjects of discussion and the themes of the addresses and exciting appeals which were daily issuing from the obscure and dilapidated house in the Rue des Cordeliers, where he had his lodgings. He lived amidst the maddened and maddening excitments of that era of the revolution in which the riot of accusation, denouncement, and carnage was most horrible.

While Paris was thus agitated with the convulsions and horrors of a new revolution which threatened to overturn the republic, as the monarchy had been crushed and swept away, there was living at Caen, in Normandy, a young girl, the grand-daughter of the poet Corneille, who was destined, by Providence, to change the current of the revolution by interposing her own

feeble arm and her young life among the events and agencies which were then sweeping onwards everything in France, as the floating drift is carried onwards by the flood.

The city of Caen, the capital of the province, was at this time the head-quarters and the chief gathering-place of the Girondist party in Normandy. The struggle of the Girondists in the Convention had exhibited on their part a daring courage and constancy, as well as wonderful eloquence. The Jacobins were employing every energy to gain the ascendency in order to precipitate the country into deeper anarchy and bloodier carnage. The struggle was mighty and convulsive. The deputies in the Convention were overawed by the mob of the faubourgs, and the legal sovereignty of the nation displaced by the tyranny of the multitude intoxicated with the excess of riot and blood. Denunciations and arbitrary imprisonments—assassinations and conspiracies—insurrections and public executions—it was by such outrages as these that Paris was wrenched and dis

tracted, while the distant provinces, also, felt the impulse in every social interest, and on every sacred hearth. The Girondists were expelled from the Assembly. Several of their prominent leaders had been made victims, and the very "dregs and leprosy of the people" were in the ascendant. Sedition was victorious over the laws, and there was not enough of the power of virtue and patriotism remaining to punish the wrong and protect the right. It was a horrid reign of anarchy, spoliation, and assassination, which threatened to sweep away all independence, property, liberty and life, not only at the capital, but in the provinces.

This state of things at Paris had made Normandy and the city of Caen the gathering-place of the proscribed and fugitive deputies. Here they appealed to liberty against oppression, and by their remonstrances and protestations they had enkindled the enthusiasm and indignation of the people to such an extent that the name of Marat had become synonymous with every crime, and could not be mentioned without the

deepest and most earnest expressions of execration and horror.

Before the fall of the King, Louis XVI., the city of Rouen had offered him an asylum from his enemies. The interests of all this portion of France being commercial and agricultural, naturally induced the people to desire peace, and the establishment of the government on such a basis as would secure liberty and the preservation of the rights of the people, and thereby prosperity. Besides, they were attached to Louis XVI., and his execution had saddened and grieved them, as well as outraged their conception of justice and humanity. Hence it was that they received the Girondists with so much favor and consideration, and ardently wished the restoration of that influence and control at which the Girondists were aiming.

The Girondists in Caen were living together in the old palace which had been the hall of the federalist government. Here they collected assemblies of the people, including even the women, and addressed them in eloquent appeals, exciting them

to avenge the murder of those brave men who had fallen victims to the opposing faction,—the heroes of the Gironde,—the martyrs of liberty. Among the women who ventured to be present at these meetings, was Charlotte Corday, who listened to their harangues in silence, but evidently with increasing interest and enthusiasm.

The father of this young girl was François de Corday d'Armont, a country gentleman of good family, but poor. By birth and education he ranked with the nobility, but his poverty reduced him to the condition of the peasant. Like most persons in his situation, he had a certain pride of birth, and reverence for the family name, while he entertained a hope, or a vague expectation, that in some way he might regain fortune, and so recover the position in society to which his rank entitled him. He was the possessor of a small domain which could not be alienated from his family, and from which he gained, with some difficulty, a tolerable subsistence for those who were dependent upon him. In addition to his agricultural occupa-

tions, he cultivated, to some extent, his taste for literature, and devoted a very considerable portion of his time and attention to politics. His condition of poverty and inaction made him an earnest revolutionist. Weary of the superstitions and hypocricies of those who professed to be religious, and especially of many who occupied high places in the church, he became an ardent *philosopher*—the current term of *atheist*—but his ardor, his principles, and his activities in the cause, all failed to give him consideration and influence in the revolution. It was his lot to waste himself in obscurity, while an increasing family was growing up around him. When he looked upon his five children, he felt more acutely the presence of poverty, and grew more and more dissatisfied with himself. While several of his children were still young, the wife of M. de Corday died, and left him still to struggle with the unfavoring elements.

After the death of her mother, Charlotte and her sisters lived for several years on their little estate, without much care or instruction on the

part of their sole protector. Like the other young girls of Normandy, they were employed in cultivating the garden, and in the harder and ruder occupations of farming. At length, necessity compelled the father to separate from his daughters, who were sent to a monastery in Caen, which was presided over by Madame Belzunce. This establishment was built in the year 1066, by Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror. Being unoccupied and neglected for a long time, it fell into ruins, but in 1730 it was restored in all its original magnificence, and is now one of the finest public buildings in the city of Caen.

When Charlotte entered upon this new life she was in her fourteenth year. These convents were then really Christian houses, in which the women lived apart from the world, but yet not cut off from the knowledge of what was going on, or even from sharing in the affairs of life, if they chose. Here Charlotte was employed in the usual duties of monastic life, sharing in the enjoyment of companionship and friendship, and cultivating her

mental and moral powers. She was ardent and impassioned, and moved by such impulses she became an enthusiast in her religion. Tender, enthusiastic, and imaginative, she became a model of piety, and dreamed of ending her days in this abode where she had found repose, friendship, and happiness.

This dream, however, did not last. Her strong feelings, and independent ways of thought, aided by the sceptical and atheistic influences which surrounded her on every side, soon led her away from the simplicity of the Christian faith, and awakened those vague but potent longings and anticipations which made her rapid career so memorable and so mournful. Her rank, intelligence and beauty made her a favorite with the abbess, Madame Belzunce, and she was admitted to such social gatherings as were permitted in those times even within the walls of the convent. Thus she lived until she was nineteen, passing through a gradual development of mind and person—intelligent, attractive, and beautiful.

At this time the monasteries and other religious

houses were suppressed, and Charlotte was, therefore, set loose from her accustomed employments and companionship. Meanwhile, the condition of affairs had not at all improved at home. Her father was still inactive and poor. Her two brothers, who had attached themselves to the side of Louis XVI., had emigrated. One of her sisters was dead, and the other had the management of her father's household. Madame de Bretteville, an aunt of the young girl, residing at Caen, in comparative poverty and obscurity, offered to receive Charlotte into her house. Here she became the companion and domestic assistant of her aged and infirm relative, exhibiting her gratitude for the protection which she received by the kind offices which she paid her aunt, and the respect which she accorded to her and to her opinions. The remnants of the nobility still kept up their old habits of association, and there was something of the *ancien régime* still existing about Caen. Their meetings were tolerated, and they were freely allowed to console one another in the misfortunes

which had overtaken them, and to look forward, with whatever hope they could, to brighter and happier days. Charlotte had no sympathy or respect for these opinions, but her regard and sense of obligation towards her venerable relative made her anxious to show an outward respect, while at heart she was a thorough revolutionist.

In such quiet and seclusion months passed away, without any occurrence to interrupt the tedium of life. Charlotte employed her time in reading and reflection, free from restraint. Her opinions and studies were not interfered with or thwarted. Her age and temperament inclined her to the perusal of romances in which she found scope and employment for a lively imagination, while her more serious studies and thoughts were given to philosophy and history. The works of Rousseau, of Raynal and Plutarch, were her constant companions. Yet while her imagination was thus warmed by solitude and by the peculiar cast of her studies, she preserved her purity of mind and maintained the strictest propriety of conduct

It was a necessity of her nature to love and to be loved, and while she often inspired the passion, and was herself moved by its first impulses, yet her circumstances of dependance and poverty, and her modesty and reserve, kept her from all demonstrations of partiality and affection, and she was regarded by her few companions as cold and unimpressible. Her love thus restrained and rebuked, transferred itself to a new ideal, and became a vague, yet sublime devotion to patriotism. The deep affections of her heart which she would have poured out upon some individual—had her circumstances been otherwise—were now concentrated, with intense ardor, upon her country, and she conceived the strange purpose of sacrificing her life for the public good. This single idea possessed her mind and occupied her thoughts and shaped all her plans. She was familiar with the story of the sufferings of her countrymen—the persecutions and proscriptions which had driven out the Girondists from Paris, and the merciless tyranny Marat and his faction were exercising.

She felt as if all these blows directed against her country were concentrated in her own stricken heart, touching her with feelings of anguish and despair, and at the same time, inspiring her with courage and daring. She foresaw the ruin of France—she followed, with her eye, the victims whom the tyrant was crowding upon the bloody scaffold—she discerned the tyrant himself—she resolved to be avenged upon the one and to punish the other, in order that she might save her bleeding land. She pondered for many days over the vague determination of her heart, without clearly resolving on what deed her country required at her hands, which link of crime it was most urgent to cut through. She considered all the circumstances of the times, all the actors in the drama then going on, in order that her courage might not be fruitless, nor her blood spilled in vain.

Charlotte Corday had now reached her twenty-fourth year. She was tall and finely formed, and possessed a natural grace and dignity which dis-

played itself in all her steps and actions. Her complexion, while it exhibited the deeper and warmer tints of the south, was lighted up and beautified with the clearer color of the north, and her projecting chin, divided by a deep dimple, gave to the lower part of her face a character of resolution and firmness which contrasted with the perfectly feminine contour of her lovely face. Her hair was of peculiar richness and beauty. When fastened around her head, or arranged in clusters on each side of her brows, it seemed black, while the ends of the tresses, under a clear light, were of a deep and lustrous gold-color. Her eyes, too, were of a color variable like the wave which borrows its tint from the shadow or the light—blue when she reflected, almost black when lighted up with emotion. Long, black eyelashes gave the appearance of depth and earnestness to the glance of her large eyes. Her mouth was Grecian, with well-defined lips, whose expression, fluctuating between tenderness and severity, seemed formed equally to breathe of love and happiness, or of patriotism

and heroic devotion. Her nose was well formed, and her firm oval cheeks had all the freshness of youth and health. Her skin was of that delicate and transparent healthiness through which the mantling blush is seen suddenly. Her chest was wide, and somewhat thin, her arms full and muscular, her hands long and her fingers taper. Her voice was of peculiar richness—a living echo of the soul within. Those who knew her spoke of her voice, years after her death—as of a strange and unforgotten music ineffaceably imprinted on the memory—notes so sonorous and deep that to hear was even more than to see her, and that her voice formed a portion of her beauty. Her dress, conformable to her humble fortune and the retirement in which she dwelt, was simple and slightly characteristic. She is described as being attired in a gown of dark cloth, cut like a riding-habit, with a gray felt hat turned up at the sides with black riband, and similar in fashion to those generally worn by women of rank, at that period.

XIV.

Charlotte Corday.—Death of Marat.

M. LOUVET, one of the Girondist leaders then in Normandy, addressed earnest proclamations to the people of the south of France, urging them to fraternize with and aid the forces which had been enrolled and were then on their way to Paris. More than six thousand of these forces were assembled in the city of Caen, and, on Sunday, the 7th of July, they were passed in review before the authorities of the department, and the Girondist deputies. Charlotte Corday was present, in a balcony, at this review, and saw the troops depart.

Among these volunteers was a young man named Franquelin, who was ardently attached to Mademoiselle Corday, and with whom he carried on a correspondence. It is said that she did not

been able to remain insensible to this attachment, and had given her portrait to the young soldier, permitting him to love her, at least through her image. But these affections she sacrificed to a purpose still more dear to her. M. de Franquelin, borne away by the general impulse of patriotism, and sure of obtaining the approbation of her whom he loved, armed himself in the cause of liberty, and joined the troops at Caen. Here they parted. After the condemnation and execution of Charlotte, he returned to Normandy, and there, alone with his mother, he lingered for some months, as if stricken with the same blow which had taken her life, and died, requesting that the portrait and letters which he had received from her, might be buried with him in the secret and sacred repose of his grave.

After the departure of the volunteers, Charlotte had but one thought or purpose, and that was to reach Paris before they did, in the hope that by one decisive and terrible blow she might deliver France from tyranny, and save their generous

lives. The scaffold that was erected in Paris threatened to be carried throughout the republic. The power of Marat and his factions could only uphold itself by proscription and execution. It was said that the monster had already prepared his lists, and counted the number of heads that were to fall to allay his suspicions and gratify his vengeance. More than three hundred thousand victims were designated in the capital and in the provinces, and the very name of Marat caused the heart to shudder like the mention of death.

Charlotte Corday formed the heroic resolution of immolating herself in order to check this effusion of blood. She kept her plans and intentions a secret in her own bosom, not only that she might not implicate others, but lest she should be dissuaded from her purpose She sought such information as to the state of Paris and the means by which she could execute her plans, as she could gain from the proscribed deputies. She obtained from Barbaroux a letter for Duperret, one of the Girondists in Paris who had not been included in

the first proscription, under the pretence that she had claims to present to the government in favor of her friend Mademoiselle de Forbin who had emigrated, and was suffering poverty in Switzerland. Provided with this letter and a passport which she had procured some days before, she set out on the 7th of July for Argentan, to take a last adieu of her father and sister. She told them she was going to England, to seek there a refuge from the misery and anarchy by which the energies of France were paralyzed.

She embraced her father and sister, but the tears she shed were for the past more than for the future, and on the same day she returned to Caen. To her aunt, who was tenderly attached to her, she told the same story with which she had deceived her father—that she was about to set out for England where some emigrant friends had provided her an asylum, and where she hoped to find that security and tranquillity which she could not look for in her own land. With this pretext she was enabled to make her arrangements for departure,

and under it to conceal the sorrow of parting from those who had long been her kind friends and protectors. Her last hours were filled up with grateful and tender attentions towards her aunt, to whom she owed such long and generous hospitality, and through one of her friends she made provision for the future comfort of the old servant who had taken care of her in her youth. She distributed among her friends some little presents of dresses and embroidery, and also her favorite books, retaining none of them but a volume of Plutarch, as if she desired to retain to the last, the society of those great men with whom she had lived for so many years, and with whom she wished to die.

On the 9th of July, her preparations being completed, she took a small bundle of clothing, very early in the morning, embraced her aunt, telling her she was going out to sketch the haymakers, and left the house, so many years her home, to return no more. At the foot of the stairs she met a child named Robert, whom she had been accus-

tomed to notice, and giving him the sheet of drawing-paper which she had in her hand, said,—"Here, Robert, take this,—be a good boy, and kiss me: you will never see me again." She embraced the child, leaving a tear upon his cheek—the last tear shed upon the threshold of her old home. She then took her way to the diligence, and departed for Paris.

On her journey to Paris there was a young man, one of her travelling companions, who was so much attracted by her graces, her dazzling youth and beauty, as well as by her modesty and intelligence, that he ventured to declare his respectful admiration. He begged her to authorize him to ask her hand of her relatives. She turned this sudden love into kind raillery and mirth. She promised the young man to let him know her name, and her disposition in regard to himself at a future period. She charmed her fellow-travellers to the end of her journey, by such graces of mind and conduct that they all regretted to separate from her.

On the 11th of July, at noon, she reached Paris, and was conducted to a hotel which had been indicated to her at Caen, the Hôtel de la Providence. The next day, after a night of profound repose, she dressed herself neatly, but simply, and went out to find the deputy, Duperret. He was at the Convention, and leaving her letter of introduction with his daughters, she promised to return in the evening. That day she spent alone, in her chamber at the hotel, in reading, reflection, and prayer. In the evening she went out again to the house of M. Duperret, who received her in his drawing-room, without a witness—his family being at supper. She then laid open to him her pretended business, and requested him to introduce her to the minister of the interior. This request was but a pretext on her part to enable her to gain such information and to make such acquaintances as would facilitate her plans. The deputy promised to call on her on the morrow and introduce her, as she requested. As she was about to leave, she turned to him and said:—"Permit me to advise

you, citizen Duperret, to quit the Convention; you can do no more good there; go to Caen, and rejoin your colleagues and brothers." "My post is at Paris"—replied the Deputy—"I will not leave it." "You are in error," said Charlotte, in a voice of almost suppliant appeal. "Believe me,"—she added,—"fly, fly, before to-morrow night;" and she departed without awaiting an answer.

That same evening a decree passed the Convention, ordering seals to be put on the papers and effects of Duperret, and some other suspected deputies, but this did not prevent his fulfilling his engagement to go with Charlotte to the minister of the interior. He, however, could not grant her an audience until evening, and as she was not furnished with authority from Mademoiselle de Forbin to act in her name, Duperret, feeling his own position insecure, advised her to abandon the business. As she had already accomplished the purpose of her pretext, she acquiesced, and they parted at the door of her hotel. Instead of enter-

ing, however, she proeeeded to inquire the way to the Palais Royal. Here she entered the shop of a eutler, selected a poignard, purehased it, and returning to the garden of the palace, seated herself for a while on one of the benches.

It was her desire to give to the act which she was about to eommit, all the impressiveness possible, and her first purpose had been to approaeh Marat at the great ceremony of the Federation on the 14th of July, and to saerifiee him publicly in the Champ-de-Mars. But the adjournment of that eeremony prevented the aceomplishment of this purpose. She then determined to seek her vietim in the Convention, while he was surrounded by his friends and admirers. She hoped that, in this case, she herself would be torn in pieees by his friends, in their first fury, and so she would be spared the more lingering torments of a trial and publie exeeution. But in this, too, she was disappointed. Marat was ill, and she had learned that he would not again take his plaee in the Convention. She must seek him in his own lodgings,

and by some cunning pretext gain access to him there.

She, therefore, returned to her room and wrote him a note which she sent to his house. "I have just arrived from Caen"—she wrote. "Your love of country makes me presume that you will be pleased to hear of the events which are transpiring in that portion of the republic. I shall present myself at your abode about one o'clock. Have the goodness to receive me, and grant me a moment's conversation. I will put you in a position to be of great service to France."

At the appointed hour Charlotte presented herself at his door, but could not be admitted. She then left with the portress a second note, as follows:—

"I wrote to you this morning, Marat; did you receive my letter? I cannot believe it, as they refuse my admittance to you. I hope that tomorrow you will grant me the interview I request. I repeat that I am just arrived from Caen, and have secrets to disclose to you most important for

the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unhappy, and that I am so should give me a claim on your patriotism."

At seven o'clock in the evening, having dressed herself with more than usual care, in order to attract the favorable attention of his household, Charlotte knocked at the door of his lodgings. She was perfectly calm and self-possessed. No paleness, no wildness of her eye, no tremulousness of voice, no hurry or agitation indicated the fatal errand on which she had come forth.

Marat occupied rooms on the first floor. He lived with a woman called Albertine Marat, whose name was originally Catherine Evrard, and whom he had taken for his wife after the example of Rousseau, but without a formal marriage. A single servant was employed to assist in the domestic duties of the establishment.

Marat's apartments comprised an ante-chamber and a writing-room, a dining-room, bed-chamber and bath-room. These rooms were scantily and

meanly furnished, and were encumbered with a few books, and numberless pamphlets and newspapers, many of them wet from the press, which several women were employed in folding and addressing. Everything was in disorder and confusion, and indicative of the occupation and hurry of the *friend of the people.*

Notwithstanding his illness Marat did not relax his incessant activity. A lingering disease was gradually, but surely, wearing out his life, and yet he taxed his brain, and plied his pen without ceasing. Knowing that death was steadily drawing nigh, with almost audible footsteps, he redoubled his exertions, and furnished lists for proscription and execution, as if hastening to send as many victims as possible before him as heralds of his own coming. He was continually in dread of assassination, and all access of those not in his employ, or known to be his friends, was strictly forbidden.

Mademoiselle de Corday was not aware of these circumstances, though she expected to find diffi-

culty in gaining his presence. When she reached his house, the day was closing, and in that quarter, the narrow streets and the lofty buildings made it already dark without. With difficulty she was able to enter the courtyard, but in spite of the opposition of the portress she succeeded, and began to ascend the stairs. Hearing the noise of the altercation without, Albertine opened the door, but refused to allow a stranger to enter. The sound of their voices reached the ear of Marat, who understood, from the few words which he could catch, that this was the person from whom he had received the two notes during the day, and he imperatively ordered her to be admitted.

The room into which the suspicious and sullen Albertine introduced Charlotte, was dimly lighted, being the small closet which was used for a bathing-room. Here, in his bath, lay Marat, his matted hair wrapped in a dirty handkerchief—with hollow and blood-shot eyes, receding forehead, prominent cheek-bones, wide and sneering mouth, livid skin, and shrunken limbs. Charlotte

stood close by the side of his bath, and waited for him to ask about the state of affairs in Normandy To his questions she replied briefly, and in such a way as not to awaken his suspicions. He then inquired the name of the deputies who had taken refuge in Normandy, and wrote them down, as she repeated them. When the list was complete, he added, triumphantly,—"Well, before they are a week older, they shall be guillotined."

These words were enough to seal his fate. She drew her knife from her bosom, and, with more than human force, she plunged it to the hilt in his heart. "Help! help!" cried Marat, and expired. With his last cry his miserable, cowardly and guilty soul had fled.

At this cry Albertine, the maid-servant, and Laurent Basse, the messenger, rushed into the apartment, and caught Marat's sinking head in their arms. Charlotte, as if stupefied with terror for her crime, shrunk behind the curtain of the window, where she was discovered by the man, Laurent, who seized a chair and felled her to the

floor, where the woman, Albertine, in her rage, trampled her under her feet. The alarm soon spread, and the house, the court, and the street were speedily filled by a crowd who stormed and raged, and demanded that the assassin be thrown out to them, that they might be avenged.

Charlotte was seized and held by two soldiers until cords could be brought to secure her from escape. She calmly awaited the fate which might overtake her, and except a feeling of compassion for the grief and sufferings of Marat's mistress, and a bitter smile of contempt for the crowd of his friends, no unusual emotion was visible upon her face. "Poor people," she said, "you desire my death, while you owe me an altar for having freed you from a monster. Cast me to that infuriate mob," she said to the soldiers who guarded her with their bayonets; "since they regret him, they are worthy to be my executioners."

It was soon known throughout the city, and in the Convention, that Marat had been murdered. All Paris seemed struck with astonishment and

alarm on hearing of this deed. Henriot, the Commandant of the National Guard, entered the Convention, exclaiming: "Tremble, all of you, Marat has been assassinated by a young girl who rejoices at the blow she has struck."

Charlotte was removed to the dining-room, where she was interrogated by the Commissary of the Section, and the *procés verbal* of the murder was drawn up. She was then ordered to be conveyed to the Abbaye, the nearest prison. She was, previously to her removal, searched, and in her pockets were found the key of her trunk, some money, and some implements of needlework, a gold watch and her passport, and beneath her neckerchief the sheath of the knife with which she had stabbed Marat. On her examination she was asked and answered the following questions:—

"Do you recognize this knife?"

"Yes."

"What led you to this crime?"

"I saw civil war ready to rend France to atoms; persuaded that Marat was the principal

cause of the perils and calamities of the land, I have sacrificed my life for his to save my country."

"Mention the persons who urged you to this detestable crime, which you could not have conceived of yourself."

"No one knew of my intention. I deceived my aunt, with whom I lived, as to the object of my journey. I deceived my father similarly. Few persons visit my relations, and no one could have had the slightest suspicion of my idea."

"Did you not quit the city of Caen with the decided resolution of assassinating Marat?"

"That was my sole motive in quitting that city."

"Where did you procure the weapon? What persons have you seen in Paris? What have you done since Thursday, the day of your arrival?"

To these questions she answered with the utmost sincerity, detailing every particular as to her arrival in Paris, and what she had done since.

"Did you not attempt to escape after the murder?"

"I should have gone out at the door if I had not been prevented."

"Are you a single woman?"

"I am."

"Have you never had a lover?"

"Never."

She was then confined in a cell, and guarded by two *gens d'armes* during the night. From the Abbaye she was removed to the Conciergerie. Here she was allowed the indulgence of paper, pens, and solitude, and she wrote to Barbaroux, and also to her father. In her letter to the former, she detailed all the events that had transpired since leaving Caen. In her letter to her father she took a tender but heroic farewell of him and of her sister. "Adieu, I pray you to forget me, or rather, to rejoice at my fate,—the cause is noble."

The next day, at eight in the morning, she was conducted, under a guard, to the revolutionary tribunal. The hour of the trial being known in Paris, a large crowd was drawn together to witness it, and to gratify their interest and curiosity by see

ing the heroine. When she first appeared, a murmur, as of horror and malediction, was heard, but her dazzling beauty, her modesty, her firmness and calm bearing, even under the eyes of so great a crowd, soon changed this murmur to a feeling of pity, of interest and admiration. She was seated upon the bench of the accused, and M. Chauveau Lagarde, afterwards illustrious for the defence of the Queen, was assigned her as counsel. The evidence of the deed was gone over, and her confessions, in which she bravely avowed the crime, and the motives which led to it, were received. The counsel for the prosecution summed up the evidence, and demanded the sentence of death.

Lagarde, her defender, arose and said:—"The accused confesses her crime, she avows its long premeditation, and gives the most overwhelming details. Citizens, this is her whole defence." He then urged that this undisturbed calm and entire forgetfulness of self, even in the presence of death, was not natural, that it was the result of an excitement which amounted to insanity. "It is for you

to decide," added he, "what weight so stern a fanaticism should have in the balance of justice. I leave all to your consciences."

The jury unanimously gave their verdict for her death, and she heard her sentence with the same calmness as she had manifested throughout. When asked if she had anything to say as to the punishment which was awarded, she turned to her counsel, and said to him:—"Monsieur, you have defended me as I wished to be defended: I thank you: I owe you a proof of my gratitude and esteem, and I offer you one worthy of you. The judges have just pronounced my property confiscated; I owe something in the prison, and I bequeath to you the payment of this debt."

On her return to the prison, an artist, M. Hauer, who had attempted to sketch her likeness during the trial, came, at her request, to finish it. She gave him a lock of her long fair hair, as a token of his kindness and her gratitude. The rest of her hair, which the executioner had cut off, she gave to Madame Richard, the wife of the keeper of the

Conciergerie, and having put on the red dress of the condemned, she mounted the fatal cart, and in the midst of a terrible storm of lightning and rain, was driven to the scaffold.

Before she reached the guillotine the storm passed away, and the sun shone out in the clear sky. She mounted the scaffold with as light and firm a step as her long dress and pinioned arms permitted, while her complexion, heightened by the color of her dress, seemed of unearthly brilliancy. She placed herself under the fatal axe, and as the heavy blade fell, her head rolled upon the scaffold. Legros, one of the executioners, raised it in his hand, and struck it on the cheek. It is said that a deep crimson suffusion overspread the face, as if dignity and modesty had lasted for an instant longer even than life.

Such was the end of the heroine of Caen, who freely offered up her life for the good of her country, and paid the penalty of her own blood for the great crime of taking the life of the tyrant.